

# THE SKETCH.

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A PORTRAIT.—ERNST LAMBERT.  
IN THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.



## THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

*Tuesday.*

Princess Bismarck died this morning at Varzin. Born in 1824, she was married to Bismarck in 1847. On their honeymoon Bismarck met his Sovereign, the King of Prussia, for the first time, and at Venice he made such an impression on the King that he was, a few years after, sent to Frankfort to represent Prussia at the Confederation. The Princess was a typical German wife, the pattern of a loving mother and careful housekeeper, and their married life was one of perfect harmony and happiness.—Mr. James Lowther addressed the Gimerack Club, York, founded early in the last century in celebration of the achievements of the racehorse of that name. The enemies of sport, he said, appeared under various garbs; one moment they appeared as benevolent opponents of cruelty, then they appeared as stern opponents, like Puritans of old, of all gambling, and everything which they chose to characterise as vice. The Solicitor-General (Mr. Lockwood, Q.C.), who is counsel to the Jockey Club, protested strongly against racing, "our national sport," being held responsible for all the evils attendant upon gambling.—Sir Charles Dilke, speaking at Tunstall, said the Lords could never be Liberalised. Whatever was done to it, whatever steps were taken to create Lord Rosebery's Senate, it would probably be a House of Tories; it would certainly be a House of Churchmen when dealing with questions on which the Established Church had views differing from those of the bulk of the community, and on economical questions it would be mainly a House of rich men.—The debate on the report of the Royal Commission on the Unification of London was resumed by the London County Council and concluded, the Council deciding to communicate with the Government with a view to early legislation on the lines of the report.—The Czar and Czarina prayed before the tomb of Alexander III. in the Fortress Cathedral, St. Petersburg. They will continue to reside for the present in the Anitchkoff Palace.—The body of Rubinstein arrived in St. Petersburg.—Li Hung Chang has been deprived of his rank and all his titles.

*Wednesday.*

A Cabinet Council (the third within eight days), lasting two hours, was held at 10, Downing Street.—Lord Ripon, speaking at Newbury, said the real question at present was whether Lords or Commons were to prevail.—Mr. Labouchere, at Silverdale, spoke of the Lords as an ancient ruin, a sort of Madame Tussaud's exhibition. He would not allow the present Upper Chamber to be replaced by one elected by some restricted franchise, some wretched omelette made up of all those rotten eggs.—Mr. Broadhurst, at Llanelly, said if there was to be a Second Chamber, let it be composed of men of distinction, intellect, and moral worth. An end must be put to that triple alliance of land, Church, and beer, which should be called the Tipple Alliance.—Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, at Cirencester, thought it was a waste of time for the Liberal party to try to reform the Lords.—The Duke of Bedford, at Peterborough, said that if there were a good agricultural party in Parliament, it would prevent the interests of our oldest industry from being neglected as they have been of late.—Baroness Burdett-Coutts opened a bazaar in aid of the funds of St. Thomas's Church, Coventry, the vicar of which is the Rev. Eric Farrar, son of the Archdeacon.—Mr. Hiram Maxim, addressing the Society of Arts on flying-machines, expressed his confidence that, with the expenditure of a little more time and money, every difficulty would be overcome.—Mr. R. L. Jefferson, who cycled from Olympia in London to Constantinople, described his experiences to the Society of Cyclists.—Rubinstein was buried with great pomp in the cemetery attached to the Monastery of St. Alexander Nevsky, St. Petersburg. Throughout the night six professors of the Conservatoire kept watch beside the coffin.

*Thursday.*

Lord Swansea, better known as Sir Hussey Vivian, died at Singleton Abbey, near Swansea, this morning, from failure of the heart's action. The son of a great copper smelter, he was born in 1821, and after a career at Eton and Cambridge, studied metallurgy on the Continent. His works grew enormously, until about 5000 men were employed at a weekly wage bill of £7000. He sat in the House of Commons for forty years as a Liberal.—Viscount Monck, who was the first Viceroy of the Dominion of Canada, died in his seventy-sixth year, and Sir Charles Newton, the distinguished archaeologist, died yesterday at Westgate-on-Sea, in his seventy-eighth year. During his forty-five years' connection with the British Museum, he raised the classical antiquities there from a second-rate to a first-rate collection.—Lord Londonderry, speaking at Ripon, said that the Liberal party's attacks upon our institutions and our Constitution tended to bring absolute ruin on the working classes, because they destroyed the confidence of capitalists and caused them to refuse to invest their capital in industrial undertakings.—Lord Spencer, addressing the Allotments and Small Holdings Association, said he had taken an interest in the subject for twenty years, and he believed the happiness and comfort of the labouring class were very much bound up in allotments.—Official Japanese reports of the capture of Port Arthur state that at some points the garrison offered an obstinate resistance. The losses of the Japanese were 270 killed and wounded; those of the Chinese exceeded 2000.—The Queensland Ministry were defeated in the Legislative Assembly by thirty-two to twenty-eight votes, on their refusal to include provision for an increase in the payment of members in the Appropriation Bill.—The Victoria Legislative Assembly agreed by a majority of fourteen to the Budget resolution in favour of a tax on the unimproved value of land.—The Egyptian Budget for 1895 was passed by the Council of Ministers. It shows a surplus of £677,000, of which

only £11,000 is at the free disposal of the Government, £666,000 having to be handed over to the Public Debt Commission.—The Brazil Budget Committee recommends an internal loan of 100,000,000 milreis in addition to a foreign loan of £6,000,000.—Princess Bismarck was buried at Varzin, and the Hereditary Grand Duke Karl August of Saxe-Weimar at Weimar.

*Friday.*

Lord Rosebery opened a reading-room and library, which he has erected at South Queensferry, at a cost of £3000, in memory of his wife, whose death was the darkest shadow of his life. He was present at the annual dinner of the Edinburgh Merchant Company in the evening.—At the anniversary dinner of the Royal Society, Lord Kelvin in his presidential address paid a tribute to the memory of the great scientists who have died during the year. At the banquet in the evening Lord Salisbury referred to the President as having been born in Belfast, as having won his fame in Scotland, and as being an honour to England.—Lord Lansdowne, speaking at Chippenham, said the electors should insist on knowing exactly what Lord Rosebery intended to do with the Lords, and why he was going to do it.—Lord George Hamilton told the Hornsey Conservative Club that of all the acts since Magna Charta none would rank higher than the Lords' rejection of Home Rule.—Sir William Ingram, M.P., addressed his constituents at Boston. He was accompanied by the Solicitor-General, who was knighted at Windsor this morning.—Mr. Bayard, the American Ambassador, presided at the 230th Anniversary Festival of the Royal Scottish Corporation.—Mr. Bryce, speaking at Clerkenwell, said Democracy, as a government, rested on the intelligence and public spirit of the masses, and the great danger to be avoided was not so much ignorance or party spirit as apathy and indifference.—The four-masted schooner Geir was run into and sunk by a screw steamer off the Goodwins.—Lord Elgin held a durbar at Lahore. He said the Indian Government sought to be strong that they might have peace.

*Saturday.*

The Princess of Wales celebrated her fiftieth birthday to-day.—Lord Roberts, who, as their honorary colonel, presided at the distribution of prizes to the 2nd London Rifles, said he considered musketry the most important part of the soldier's training, and regiments standing highest in the ranks of musketry must be relied upon as having men of superior intelligence.—Sir Edward Clarke, speaking at Kilmarnock, declared that the work of the House of Commons was three times as hard as it ought to be, and he hoped it would be lightened by having private bill legislation remitted to the districts concerned.—Mr. Henry Irving was present at a meeting of the Dublin Corporation. He said he looked on his visit to Dublin as, perhaps, the most auspicious event in his life.—A dense fog prevailed throughout London, during which several accidents occurred. The Lord Mayor got lost at Clapton. Five vessels went ashore in the Avon.—The Home Secretary declined to reprieve Read, the Southend murderer, who will be hanged on Tuesday.—The Chinese, in flying from Port Arthur, outraged and murdered hundreds of women. Eighteen thousand men were engaged on each side. Chaos reigns at Peking.

*Sunday.*

The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, as well as the King of Denmark and his son, Prince Waldemar, brought their visit to Russia to a close this evening. They were accompanied to the railway station in St. Petersburg by the Emperor and Empress, all the Grand Dukes, and a number of Ministers and other high functionaries. The approaches to the station were crowded with people, who cheered heartily. The Prince of Wales warmly embraced the Emperor just before entering the train.—At the Great Synagogue, Duke Street, Aldgate, a service was held to enable Russian Jews to take the oath of allegiance to the Czar. So intense was the desire to take part in the service that one of the galleries usually reserved for women had to be appropriated to the use of men.—For the third time Museum Sunday was celebrated throughout England. Fifty-four sermons were preached and ten addresses were delivered in support of the objects of the Sunday Society. The members of the society were admitted to eight special Art Exhibitions, and throughout the country eighty-five institutions, supported by rates and taxes, were open free to the public. Sir Joseph Barnby delivered a speech at the Piccadilly Galleries in favour of a rational Sunday.—Mr. James Weatherby, the veteran sportsman, died this evening in his eighty-fifth year. It was his father that started "The General Stud Book," and he himself had had to do with the last ten volumes.

*Monday.*

President Cleveland delivered his message to Congress to-day. After recommending the retirement and cancelling of all Government notes, it reaffirms that the new tariff is an improvement upon the McKinley law, though it does not meet the expectations of the country, and is not accepted as a satisfactory reform.—The Japanese Government is said to have made it known that it will not consider terms of peace until Peking has been occupied. The Japanese are making every preparation for a winter campaign. Rebellion has broken out in some Chinese provinces.—Mr. Edmund Gosse addressed the London Institution on the Literary Movement of the Century.—The 400th performance of "A Gaiety Girl" was given at Daly's Theatre, when a photographic souvenir of the cast was given away to the audience.

At the Savoy a few days ago the part of Gérard in "Mirette" was assumed, in the absence of Mr. Scott. Fiske, by Mr. John Coates. The young Yorkshire baritone acquitted himself admirably in a part which, we understand, he will fill in "Mirette's" provincial tour shortly to begin.



# THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

Edited by CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

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## THE MASTER OF THE MATTERHORN.

## MR. EDWARD WHYMPER AND HIS WORK.

It would be absurd to describe Mr. Whympier as "at home" in his pretty rooms which overlook the Thames and the shot-towers thereof. Such rooms are the mere cages of his captivity, the monuments of stone which remind him of summers spent in the neighbourhoods of glaciers, of camps held for weeks together in high places where the amateur does not come, and where he can sketch for his superb engravings in peace. Yet, of their kind, the rooms are admirable, and if the four or five flights of stairs leading to them are sufficient in the nature of climbing to the man in the street, they are poorest sport to him who first mastered the Matterhorn, who knows the Alps better than he knows Regent Street, and has shone in later years with the lustre of Chimborazo and Cotopaxi.

The first thing that any properly constituted man must notice in these rooms is the one, original, and only axe—the axe of the master, his best friend—and the very identical staff he held in his hand when the great tragedy, sufficient for two lives, was witnessed by him on the dangerous place of the long unconquerable Matterhorn. It is a substantial weapon, twice as thick as a broom-handle in its wood, and capped, as all axes now are, at the one end with a spike and at the other with an axe and a second spike for driving into ice. Though the name of no peak was written upon it, I held it with the profoundest veneration: it seemed to carry me, like some wishing-wand, straight to Zermatt and to the ridge of the Hörnli at the least. I could even look down to the Embankment below with no suspicion of vertigo, and while we talked I yet grasped it for the better realisation of the unsurpassable tragedy.

"Tell me," said I, even before the victim had shut the door of his sanctum, "was it the greatest catastrophe you have ever known?"

"You mean the Matterhorn, I suppose?" said he; "of course it was. A man is never likely to see anything worse than that. If you want a complete account of it, you will get it in my 'Scrambles Among the Alps.' The first edition was published in 1871—and the fourth, the *édition de luxe*, last year. The last one contained all the maps re-engraved on copper, and was published at two guineas and a-half, but the booksellers took the whole of it."

"Did you attribute the great crash to any specific cause?"

"I attributed it to the presence among us of Hadow, who was utterly inexperienced, and paid for it with his life and that of three others. Before that particular attempt, I had made eight or nine—I can't remember how many—but had always been stopped by the precipitous rocks near the summit. As seen from Zermatt, the northern part of the mountain seems absolutely to overhang, and is quite inaccessible. The success of 1865 was due to our mounting the eastern face. When we left Zermatt at 5.35 on a Thursday morning there were eight of us—Lord Francis Douglas, the Rev. Charles Hudson, Mr. Hadow, Michel Croz of Chamounix, and the three Taugwalders—and, working very leisurely, we found a position for a camp at a height of 11,000 feet by midday. Though Croz and the elder of Taugwalder's sons declared that had we gone on then we could have made the ascent and returned comfortably at nightfall, we spent the remainder of the day basking in the sunshine, but were up and moving before daybreak on the following morning. At a height of 11,000 feet the youngest of the Taugwalders went back. We found the climbing, for the most part, so easy that we did not use the rope, and it was comparatively early in the day when we arrived at the sheer precipice near the summit and began a detour on the northern side.

"The difficult bit we then came to, I should say, was about 400 feet high, and it was difficult because the rocks were mixed with ice and were very slippery. But Hadow was the only one who experienced much trouble over it—and this resulted not from want of courage, but from want of knowledge. When we got near the top, the slope became considerably modified, so that Croz and I detached ourselves from the others and reached the summit exactly at 1.40 p.m. After that we rested an hour, and it was then that Croz said to me, 'Yes, I would rather go down with you and another guide than with those who are going.' I thought nothing of this at the time, and remained to sketch when the others began to descend; but I caught them up when they had got about 350 feet down, and tied myself on to old Taugwalder at Lord F. Douglas's request. The order at that moment was—Croz leading, Hadow next to him, then Hudson and Lord F. Douglas. When I caught them up, I could see Croz turning round and putting Hadow's feet actually in the places he wished them to be. Then he turned round to take a few steps himself, when suddenly both Hadow's heels flew up in the air, and he struck Croz full in the back with them. I heard one startled exclamation from the man's lips; then I saw Hudson and Douglas sprawling on their backs, while old Taugwalder turned round and hugged a rock with both arms, and I drove my axe in and threw myself backward with all my strength. But the rope was the weakest we had with us; it arched for a moment under the strain—then it broke, and the two ends of it flew in the air. From that time we could only stand terrified, while the four flew down the slope, clutching at the rocks with their hands, and, after a terrible interval, disappeared at last over the precipice, and went from crag to crag to the glacier, 4000 feet below."

"They must have been unrecognisable when you found them?"

"They were crushed to pulp; they had even lost part of their skulls, and had not a whole bone in their bodies."

"And yet you do not consider mountaineering dangerous?"

"Not with experienced men and under proper precautions. Most of the accidents are the result of attempts to make records, of men discarding guides, or failing to observe the elementary rules, such as the rule which forbids two men on a rope to move at once. Nowadays the danger is little enough to those who are careful. The Alpine Clubs have huts on most of the higher peaks; there are ropes and chains fixed in some of the dangerous places. They have left only that spice of risk without which the work would have no flavour. But men need not possess the endurance to-day that they needed even ten years ago; huts and chains supply the place of it."

"What is the most difficult peak you have ever known?"

"Well, I should say the top of the Pointe des Écrins, in the Dauphiny Alps. The summit of this mountain, when I went up it, consisted of loose blocks of rock, and as we had to leap from stone to stone, at an altitude of many thousand feet, and they rocked when we alighted upon them, the experience was exciting. But I had some very hard work on the Andes, though I could not tell you of it now. It's all in my 'Travels Amongst the Great Andes of the Equator,' published two years ago."

"With your own engravings, of course? You must have made thousands of them."

"Yes; on that chair you will find my new engraved map of the Mont Blanc range. I am always at work on something, and my work, of course, first took me to the Alps. Last year I spent most of the summer camping out among the glaciers: I wanted to get away from the crowd, and that was the only method available."

"But you have climbed pretty well all over the world, have you not? Surely those are pictures of Greenland on the wall there?"

"Yes, they were made from my pictures. In one sense, I may say that I anticipated Nansen. I climbed some of the higher peaks on the western coast, and saw that there was nothing but a plain of snow in the interior. What was the good of crossing it? The eye told me that there was nothing there—nothing but the level of ice. If there had been any sign of rock or hill the journey would have been inviting; but it was quite possible to see from the peaks on the outskirts that nothing of the sort existed."

"Are you writing anything now?"

"Just now I am lecturing, principally."

"By the way, that photograph of yourself on the chair there—"

"Was made by Madame la Baronne Adolphe de Rothschild. It seems to me very fine."

It undoubtedly was, and as I left the rooms I concluded that it was the portrait of a very remarkable, a very modest, and a singularly learned man. Mr. Whympier is altogether one of the most striking figures of the generation.

M. P.

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Dec. 5, 1894.

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## NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

There is a fine phrase of Vauvenargue's, "C'est un grand signe de médiocrité de louer toujours modérément," and I feel disposed to act upon it in speaking of "The Wife of Dives." In a cold mood I should, perhaps, string antitheses such as "crude but clever," "rich in promise, poor in performance" (with apologies to some of the company), "bald yet brilliant." As it is, I venture to say little save of its brute force, audacity, and wit. One accustomed to go to the theatre without picking



Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

MISS OLGA BRANDON IN "THE WIFE OF DIVES."

and choosing naturally rejoices at the coming of an author who, if fate is unkind, may become irritating by ill-use of talent, but never tedious for lack of it. "Mr. S. X. Courte" seems to me to have far more talent than several of our playwrights whose names alone can sell their plays.

The young author has had plenty of abuse. Some of us have accused him of trying, but failing, to make silk purses out of a sow's ears, others of succeeding in the manufacture of sows' ears from silk purses. We are sick of pictures of vice; let us see ourselves on the stage, say the virtuous, and not have plays in which everyone is wicked or weak. No doubt "The Wife of Dives" has many faults, has many sharp corners that should be rounded off; yet, after all, sharp corners have points. The lighter parts of the play may be farce when they should be comedy; but which of our playwrights escapes the reproach save Mr. Pinero? Doubtless the author tries to squeeze out something beyond the last drop in a scene; even Sardou, however, used to make that mistake. The great thing is that he knows how to hold the audience, and his errors cause vexation, not contempt.

When Mr. Pinero's "Daisy's Escape," which was running a little while ago at Toole's Theatre, comes to my mind, and I think how infinitely cleverer is the second work of Mr. "Courte," though he is younger than was Mr. Pinero when he wrote it, I feel that there is a good time coming, that the author of "The Wife of Dives" may develop into something like the man whom we deem the pride of our modern stage. "With all thy faults I love thee still," I feel disposed to say, in imitation of Churchill, for Mr. "Courte" has sufficient talent to be able to correct his faults, and in his next play, if he show the advance in his art that I expect, we shall see something really remarkable.

Miss Olga Brandon certainly is not an actress for every part. Her beauty has something strange in it that is disturbing when she represents the commonplace. In "Judah" she gave a performance that no playgoer will ever forget. Since the days of Vashti we have been expecting great things from her; unfortunately, she has had small chances. As Mrs. Van Duccatt her time has come. To a careless eye her work must seem curiously uneven—full of passion and force at one moment, timid and uncertain at others—though all must find it admirable as a whole. The explanation appears to be that the part lacks firmness of outline, and, consequently, the actress has a needlessly difficult task.

Certainly, despite this drawback, her performance is so able that all should see it. Praise must be given to Mr. Cosmo Stuart for a very clever if slightly overcoloured picture of a cynical, hedonistic, young man about town. One cannot deny the power of Mr. Glenney's acting, but he seems to be a man of the wrong style for the part, and his method lacks variety and distinction. Mr. Cecil Ramsey was very funny as a farcical curate.

Messrs. Edward Collins and Richard Saunders, in "Ashes," which was performed at a *matinée* of Friday, have tried to present a woman a great deal wicked than even the worst of the depraved creatures now the rage in the theatres. Unfortunately, instead of being horrified at the wickedness of Lady Constance Kerr, one is amused by her curious non-humanity. No doubt, the play has one or two rather smart comedy scenes, set in unlikelike surroundings, but they alone could not save such a heavy work from being tedious.

Since I missed the first night of "The New Woman," I naturally went to the hundredth performance, of which I have a pretty memento in the shape of a photograph of Miss Winifred Emery, and a programme handsomely bound in book form. However, it was not for the memento, but for the play and players, that I went. Of the latter I can find nothing unamiable to say. Miss Emery's acting as what I presume Mr. Grundy calls the old woman is wholly delightful, and, though the part seems to me stagey and artificial, the beauty of her work rendered Margery charming. Nothing in the way of humorous old men could be better than the Colonel Cazenove of Mr. Cyril Maude, who makes the shameless old sinner irresistible to the sternest moralist. Such a performance by an actor barely in his third decade seems astonishing in its truth. Almost as noteworthy is Miss Rose Leclercq as Margery's formidable aunt. Lack of actresses capable of playing the *grande dame* we have often suffered from, but in the case of Miss Leclercq we have one at least capable of holding her own against the finest work of the Théâtre Français.

Naturally, I should like to say something about the play, but it would be ungracious to criticise at this stage of the proceedings, and futile. Let me, then, merely express my great admiration at the skill with which Mr. Grundy has caught the public taste. It may be taking a humble view of our art to seek merely to humour the public without consideration of essential truth, yet one must give the author his due, and say he has done it with such wonderful skill that eight people out of ten will find his piece delightful, and laugh with him at his farcical humours, and be pleased by his extravagant sentiment and ingenious misrepresentations of opinions that he dislikes. From the reception of "The New Woman" one may guess that if souvenirs are to be given at each hundredth stage the assiduous playgoer will be able to collect a barrelful of them.

Ibsen seems to be appreciated in the provinces if we are to judge from the reception accorded to Miss Robins at Manchester. "Hedda Gabler" was so well received that a second performance of it had to be given. Miss Robins was the Hedda, of course, while Mr. Charles Sugden resumed his original character as Judge Brack, the astute admirer of Hedda, who proposed to her a sort of triple alliance. On Friday evening "The Master Builder" was produced. Of the excellence of Miss Robins in this part it is unnecessary to speak. It is altogether unforgettable. By the way, it may be noticed that the fourth act of "Brand" is to be "rendered dramatically" by a lady, Mrs. Percy Dearmer, on Wednesday at the Prince's Hall, Piccadilly. The poster announcing this fact is one of the most striking that I have seen for some time.

MONOCLE.



Photo by Alma, Strand.

MR. CHARLES SUGDEN.



## THE "IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS" AT CAMBRIDGE.

Amid much suppressed excitement on the part of the undergraduates, and somewhat after half-past eight on Friday night, the curtain rises, disclosing the grey walls of the Temple of Artemis, the Euxine Sea, and some magnificent rocks. Iphigenia (Mr. Geikie of King's) enters in



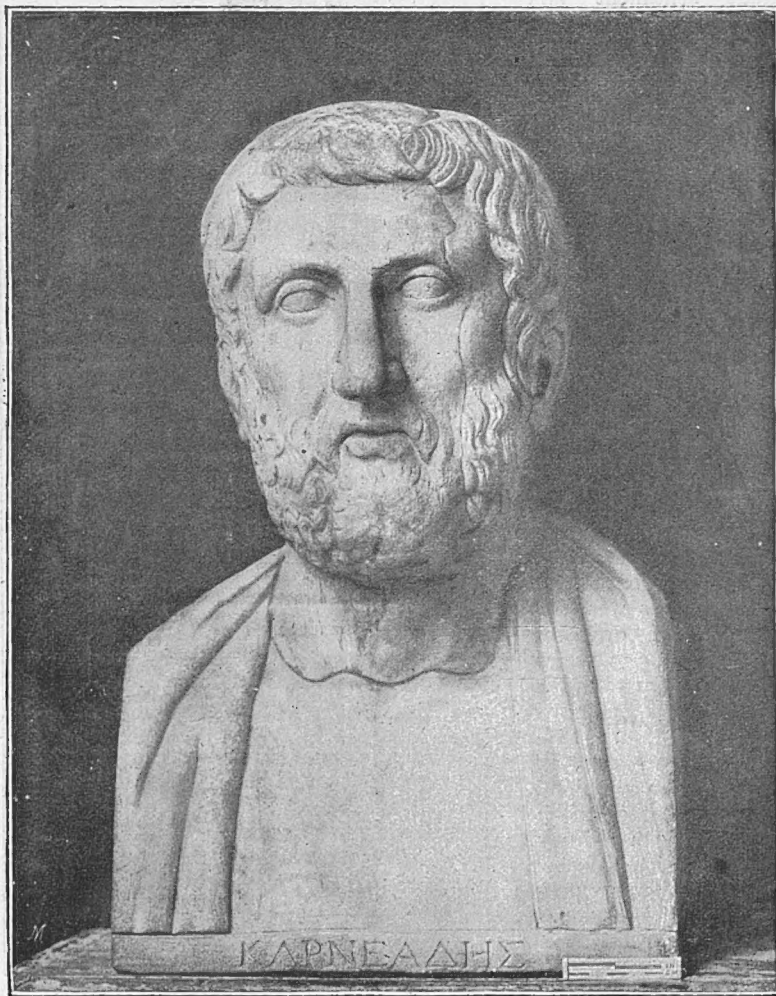
Photo by Loch and Whitfield, Regent Street, W.

DR. VERRALL.

soft, trailing draperies, dazzling in their brilliance. She is the priestess of the temple. In a well-disguised voice she describes a vision from which she has just awakened, and interprets it to mean that her only brother, Orestes, is dead. But she is wrong; Orestes is alive, and now enters with Pylades, believing, on his side, that Iphigenia is dead, for no one knows of her miraculous escape from the sacrificial flames at Aulis. Orestes (Mr. F. Stephenson) and his devoted friend Pylades (Mr. Watson) have sailed hither in order to seize and carry off the image of the goddess Artemis, which is lodged within the temple. Orestes has been told by an oracle that, if he brings this image to Athens, the Furies, who have pursued him ever since he murdered his mother, Clytemnestra, will cease to torment him. The youths survey

the temple cautiously, and eventually discover a space between the beam-ends. They resolve to hide till nightfall, and then to force their way into the temple through the opening. They withdraw, and Iphigenia reappears and mourns for Orestes, while soft music is played and the maidens of the temple pour libations. Then a cowherd approaches, and tells her that two strangers, Greeks, have been found and captured.

Now it is a part of Iphigenia's duty as Diana's priestess to prepare the human victims for sacrifice, and, accordingly, the captives, Orestes and Pylades, are brought before her. Then follows an exciting scene.



BUST OF EURIPIDES IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Iphigenia talks with the strangers, and learns that they are her countrymen, and acquainted with her family history. They tell her that Orestes is alive, but there seems to be no chance of her discovering that this is Orestes before her, for he will not disclose his name.

"My body thou mayst sacrifice, but not my name," he says, with a

fine melodramatic gesture, and, were it not for the Greek, one could have fancied one was at the Adelphi.

It comes out eventually. Iphigenia decides to deprive King Thoas of one of his victims, in order that she may have someone by whom to send a message to Orestes. He thus learns that the priestess is his long-lost sister Iphigenia. They embrace with fervour (regardless of college rivalry), and proceed without delay to consider how they can escape and carry off the image of Diana.

Iphigenia, skilled in religious rites, invents several new ones to suit her purpose. She tells Thoas (Mr. Thompson) and the guards to keep at a distance, and on no account to watch her purifying the victims and the image.

They have just embarked when the guards' suspicions are roused, and—they look.

The guards seize Iphigenia and a grand fight ensues.

This we learn from a messenger (Mr. Watkins), who comes tearing in and describes what is happening to Thoas. One is sorry the Greeks' sense of dramatic propriety prevented this scene from being given, for it is the kind of thing that undergraduates act to perfection. Thoas is just starting off in hot pursuit when Athena (Mr. d'Hauteville) appears, and in calm and soothing accents declares it is her will that Iphigenia and Orestes depart, taking the image with them to Athens. So ends the actual play, but the chorus must not be forgotten. Strictly speaking, the maidens of the Temple ought to be the chorus, but they are not, except occasionally. They do not chant the choral odes, but they keep other characteristics of the chorus, for we have the Chief Maiden saying every now and then,

"Alack! how strange!"

"How awful the wrath of Heaven!" together with similar observations of an equally interesting nature. The odes themselves, however, are sung by a band of Athenian youths, who, as soon as they hear that an act is over, appear and sing the songs that properly belong to the maidens.

The performance of this part of the chorus was much appreciated. The incidental music was composed by Mr. Charles Wood, Mus. Bac., who was greeted by pronounced applause as he stepped into his place ready to conduct.

An important factor of the play was the dresses. They were magnificent. Mr. Leathes, Mrs. Verrall, Mr. Chapman of the British

Museum, and many of the dons interested themselves in procuring costumes and properties that should be both correct and harmonious. One learned Fellow of Trinity in particular has distinguished himself by his exertions. He has been frequently met wandering about with odd-looking parcels, muttering indignantly, "There never was such a place as Cambridge; you can get nothing, absolutely nothing."

An acting edition of the play, together with a translation, has been provided for the occasion by Dr. Verrall, Tutor of Trinity. He is always at home with "Euripides," and has provided us with a translation that is both vigorous, literal, and English. The cast of the play was as follows—

Iphigenia	...	...	...	MR. R. GEIKIE, King's College.
Orestes	...	...	...	MR. F. STEPHENSON, Christ's College.
Pylades	...	...	...	MR. A. W. WATSON, Magdalene College.
Thoas	...	...	...	MR. J. P. THOMPSON, Trinity College.
Cowherd	...	...	...	MR. REGINALD BALFOUR, King's College.
Messenger	...	...	...	MR. H. T. G. WATKINS, Trinity College.
Athena	...	...	...	MR. F. G. D'HAUTEVILLE, Trinity College.
Temple Maiden	...	...	...	MR. W. A. BREND, Sidney Sussex College.

B. H. J.

If Liverpool University College is comparatively but a youngster, its students show themselves capable of producing as clever a magazine as is to be found anywhere in academic journalism. The *Sphinx*, as this journal is called, starts the new session with renewed vigour. Mr. Anning Bell has designed some delightful headings, and the magazine throughout is thoroughly workmanlike.

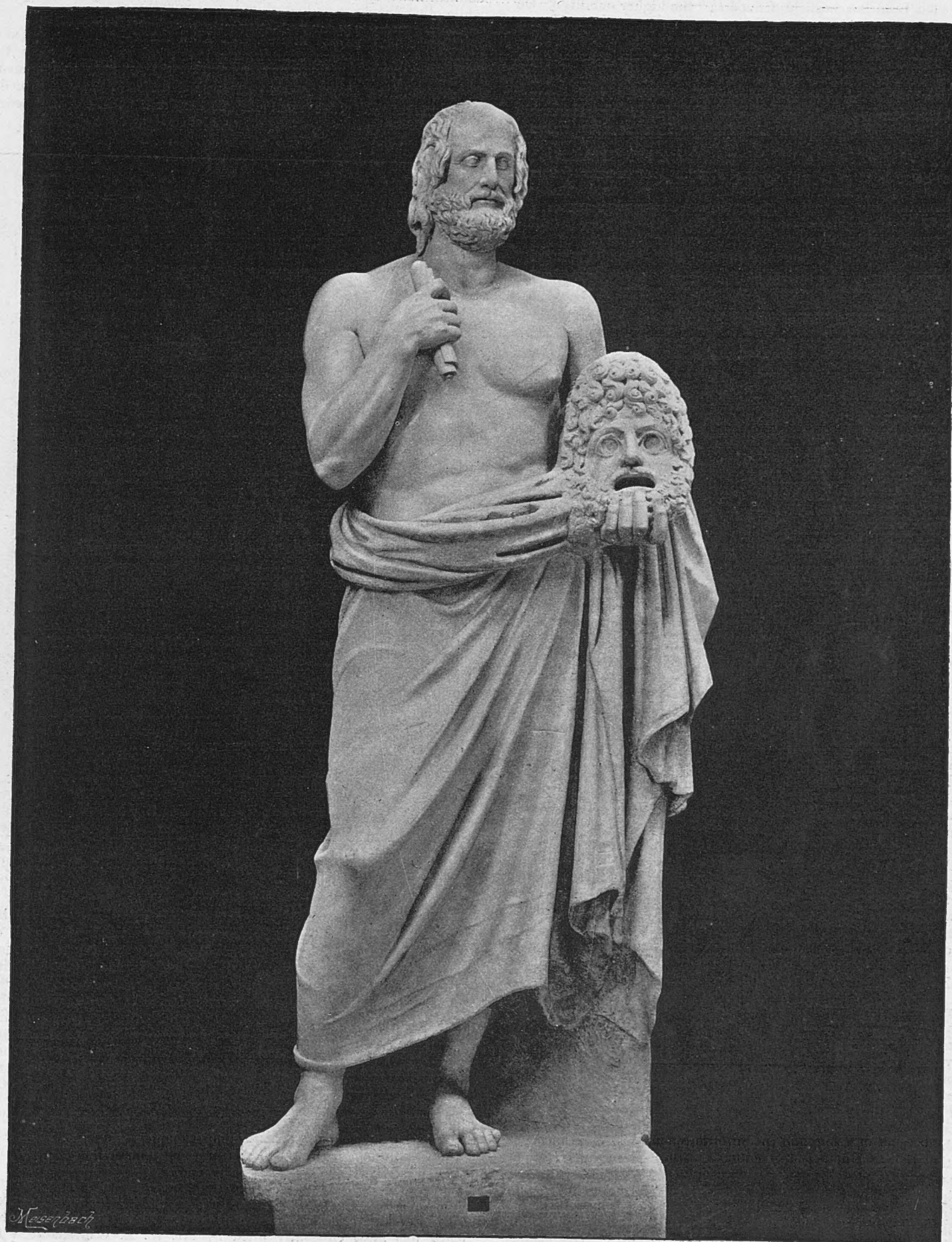
The proprietors of the *Weekly Telegraph*, a miscellany published in connection with the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, have set about the joyful task of squelching—metaphorically, of course—the "Hallelujah Lassies," who infest our thoroughfares. The paper first mentioned is now being sold in the streets of London by a corps of presentable damsels, becomingly dressed in a uniform of dark grey, with red facings, hood lined with the latter colour, and forage-cap to match.



Photo by Vandyk.

MR. STANLEY LEATHES, STAGE MANAGER.





EURIPIDES.

FROM THE STATUE IN THE VATICAN.



## SMALL TALK.

The Queen is entertaining a regular series of "dine and sleep" guests at Windsor Castle, and will continue to do so until Wednesday, Dec. 12. The guests invited include the Ministers, the leading members of the Opposition, a contingent of the Corps Diplomatique, and a certain number of what Lord Beaconsfield defined as "the higher nobility." On Friday, Dec. 14, the special service "in memory of the lamented Prince Consort" will be held in the Frogmore Mausoleum, and will commence at twelve o'clock. The Dean of Windsor will officiate, and the boys of St. George's Choir will sing the anthem and hymns. All the members of the Royal Family then in England will attend. A number of beautiful wreaths and crosses are always placed on the Prince's coffin at the conclusion of the service. Directly the Queen gets back to Windsor Castle from the Mausoleum she retires to her private apartments, and spends the rest of the day in the strictest seclusion, orders always being issued that her Majesty is not to be disturbed upon any pretence whatever.

The Queen is to leave Windsor Castle for Osborne the week after next, and, according to present arrangements, the Court will remain in the Isle of Wight for about nine weeks. There is, of course, not the slightest chance that her Majesty will open Parliament in person. The Queen will leave Windsor a little after ten in the morning, and will travel by special train, viâ Basingstoke, direct to the Clarence Yard at Gosport, where she is to embark on board the royal yacht *Alberta* for conveyance to Trinity Pier, East Cowes, whence her Majesty will drive to Osborne, and is to arrive in time for luncheon.

The dining-room at Windsor where the Queen entertained the members of the Russian Embassy and a distinguished party, on the evening of the Czar's wedding, is not the apartment in which her Majesty usually dines, which is, I believe, the Oak Breakfast-Room. Both rooms are in the suite of private apartments only shown to the public by a special order from the Lord Chamberlain, a permit but rarely given. The dining-room is in the Prince of Wales's Tower, which occupies the northern corner of the east front of the castle. It is one of the apartments arranged by Sir Jeffry Wyatville for George IV., when so many costly improvements were made at royal Windsor at a cost of some £770,000. It has a deeply embayed window, which looks upon the east terrace, the beautiful sunken garden, with its fountain, its orangery, and its flights of steps, with the charming pentagonal garden terrace beyond. Beyond this dining-room is a great octagonal room, 28 ft. in diameter, which in one direction commands a fine view of the long north terrace.

A week or so ago as I was turning reluctantly away from the fascinations of an old book-shop, I met Robert Barr, just returned from America, and looking as well as I have seen him for years. He told me, among other things, that the *Idler* "At Homes" were starting again for the winter season, and I made a mental note of being there when they began. Accordingly I was on the spot last Friday week, and had a distinctly good time. The pretty editorial offices of the *Idler* were looking their very best; there were many representatives of literature and several ladies whose photos I would gladly keep in front of me for the rest of my natural life. Such an institution as a magazine "At Home" is distinctly good, and I am somewhat surprised that it is not more popular. Some papers keep their contributors at a distance, as though they were dangerous or disreputable, but such a policy is an exceedingly foolish one. *Punch* is one of the journals that holds its men well together by means of the famous weekly meetings. The methods of editors would serve for a very good article were it not for certain absurd laws relating to libel. Nevertheless I will try one day to describe one or two specially objectionable specimens and yet keep on the safe side. Wherefore let one or two men look out, for, as George Grossmith used to sing, "I have 'em on my list."

Robert Barr has had a very varied life, abounding in alarms and excursions, especially excursions. He experienced the inevitable difficulties at starting, but was undismayed by them. The *Detroit Free Press* gave him his first chance, and by slow degrees he mounted up to the editorial chair. The tale of his American experiences would fill pages, but it is very difficult to get him to talk about them. When the *Detroit Free Press* had become an established favourite in the States, the proprietors determined to try an English edition, and sent Robert Barr over with more money than instructions. Their confidence was more than justified by the fact that he returned their money intact, as the *Press* was as successful in these islands as it was in America. It started paying right away, and, despite the innumerable rivals that have arisen, holds its own. Its editor combines business faculty with imagination, so that, while the latter has brought his stories into prominence, the former has enabled him to turn his faculties to good account. His brother, James Barr, who is the London manager of the *Detroit Free Press*, is also a shrewd combination of journalist and man of business.

The Lowther Arcade fills me with a deep and abiding wonder. Now and again I pass through it, and the aspect is ever the same. Although I am quite sure the stall-keepers must do a big business, I have never seen a purchase take place on any occasion when I have been attentively looking on. I see the same crowd of siren-voiced—steamship variety—hours endeavouring to dispose of toys, and the same sad-faced respectable-looking men likewise looking out for business. They offer me speaking dolls, accordions, wooden soldiers, drums, guns and swords,

squeaking rabbits, wicker-work perambulators, and other similar luxuries, and when I decline them gently but firmly they give way meekly and await the approach of the next wayfarer. The other evening as I passed through I saw a masculine-looking lady bargaining about some dolls. Thinking to see a purchase I paused for a moment, but, finding myself assailed all round, beat a hasty retreat. Some twenty minutes later I passed the Arcade again. The lady was still haggling, while other shopkeepers looked on with sympathy.

It was under Liszt himself that Emil Sauer—who, having at last consented to visit our capital as professional pianist, is now being lionised by the English public and press—finished his musical education. He was born at Hamburg on Oct. 8, 1862. As a child he learned the rudiments of the piano from his mother, and when he was fourteen



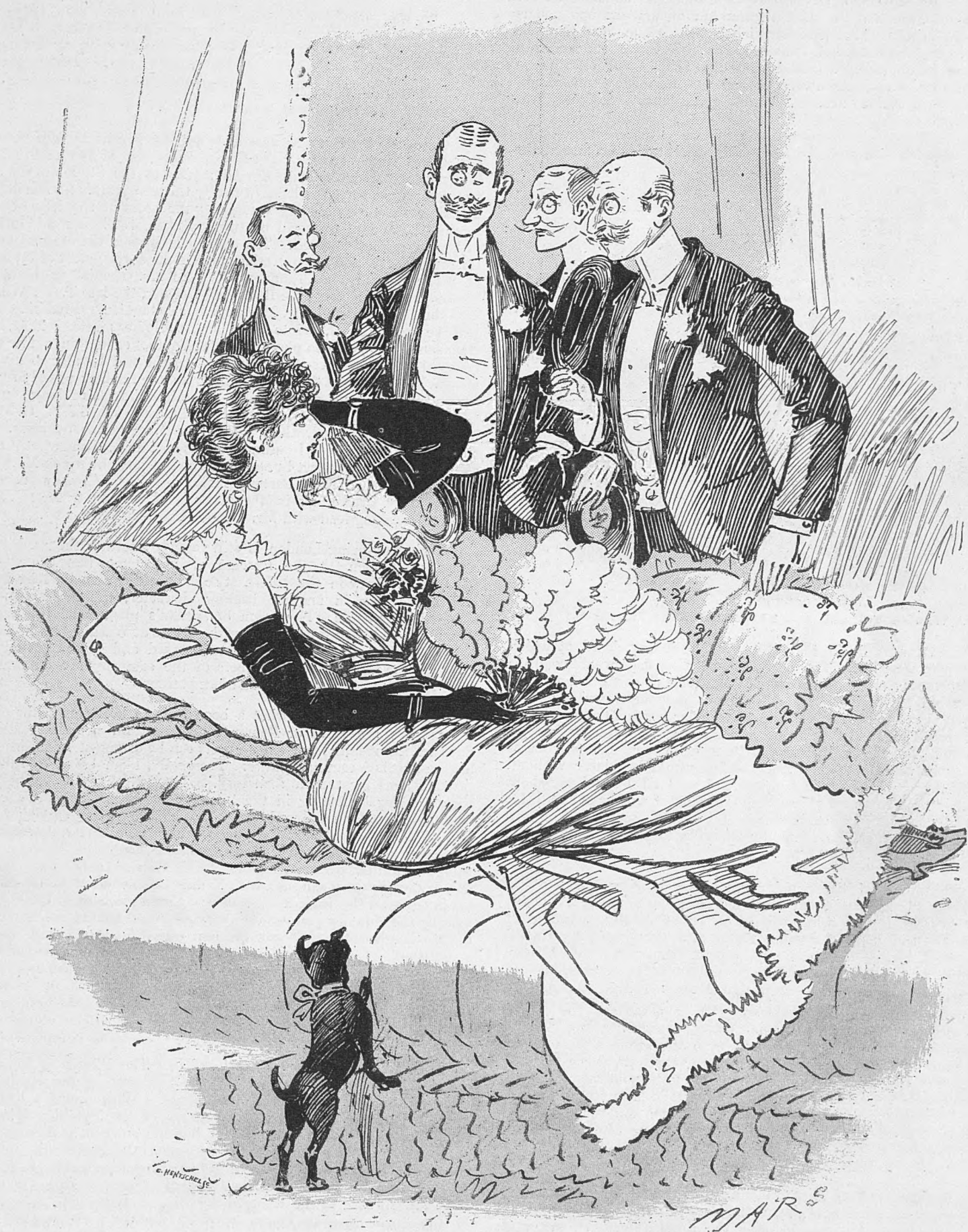
HERR EMIL SAUER.

Photo by Goszleth, Budapest.

Anton Rubinstein, hearing him play, perceived so much talent in the boy that he consigned him to the distinguished tuition of his brother Nicholas. Under this master, Sauer, in two years, made such strides that he received the "stipendium" at Moscow, where he remained a few years. It was after a popular tour through Italy and Spain that the young musician excited the interest of Liszt, who took a generous pleasure in revealing to him those final secrets of his art which none but genius could acquire. He played at Berlin for the first time in 1885, when he delighted both the Emperor and the public; and his subsequent recitals at Vienna and St. Petersburg roused the enthusiasm of musical amateurs to the highest pitch. With an unlimited *répertoire* and variety of style, Herr Emil Sauer interprets such great masters as Beethoven, Handel, Chopin, and Schubert with equal sympathy, fidelity, and finish; and the London public, who are crowding to his recitals, may well hope that his visit to us, in this instance a short one, will next time be prolonged.

Perhaps, owing to the cold weather, only a moderate audience assembled at the Popular Concert on Nov. 26. Contrary to expectation (and my announcement last week) Signor Piatti did not appear. His place was most efficiently filled by Mr. W. E. Whitehouse, who had plenty of scope to distinguish himself in Mozart's Quartet in F major, in which the 'cello part is decidedly prominent. The *finale*, in particular, was delightful—everyone of the quartet catching the gaiety of the music. Miss Florence Christie was the vocalist. Her first song was Brahms' "Mainacht," and she sang it with good feeling and admirable force. St. James's Hall was a perfect Cave of Winds, a fact which lessened my appreciation of a scholarly rendering of Bach's Prelude and Fugue in A minor by Madame Haas. She next joined Lady Hallé in Brahms' Sonata in G major, and both ladies did full justice to it. Miss Christie was very successful in two English songs, and the concert concluded with Chopin's Introduction and Polonaise.





AT A PARIS SOIRÉE.



I have been reading with much amusement the account given in a San Francisco theatrical paper of the appearance in that city of the Kendals and their company with "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Thus: "Mrs. Kendal has revealed to the San Francisco theatre-going public a phase of English character never so well understood before her startling impersonation." The virtuous writer seems to imply that Paula has no parallels out on the Western seaboard. And again: "Had she (Mrs. Kendal) never permitted herself to become the exponent of innocence upon the stage, and the *reputed censor of its morality*, her impersonation would have created a whirlwind of approbation." Miss Marion Lee's many English friends will be interested to hear that her "evident lack of experience on the stage is something of an assistance to her in this particular rôle (the saint-like Ellean)." "San Francisco society," it appears, flocked to see the piece on the opening night, but afterwards "conclusive evidence" was given that the play was "distasteful."

The production of a new play at the Haymarket has unearthed the accompanying print, taken from a theatrical magazine, bearing date July 1823. It depicts the old and new Haymarket Theatres standing side by side. The old theatre must have been curiously built, and there



A VIEW OF THE OLD AND NEW HAYMARKET THEATRES.

was, I believe, a panic in the pit just before it was closed, at which numerous lives were lost. The old theatre of those days would compare very unfavourably with its successor; but, for the matter of that, so would the old Haymarket. Gambling clubs and night-houses of the worst repute seem to have selected this particular part of the West End for their special use, and even as late as the sixties the place was utterly disreputable. Even now, if I may write in a whisper, there are one or two places in the Haymarket that London would be better without. Ostensibly they are well conducted, but if I said all I could say about them there would be a deal of comment. I think I will save it all for the next silly season. Dailies in search of a suitable sensation can have one arranged on moderate terms by applying to me at the offices of this paper.

The programme of the grand opera season in New York—which opened brilliantly last week, and which has been sent to me by a friend—proves that Italian opera has caught on as effectually in the great American city as it has in London. The portrait groups of the principal artists—which include such names as Melba, Eames, Zélie de Lussan, and Nordica among the ladies, and Plançon, the two De Reszkes, Ancona, and Maurel among the men—show that Messrs. Abbey, Shoeffel, and Grau, like our own Sir Augustus, are mindful of the public enjoyment; while the *répertoire*—which includes "Falstaff," "Lohengrin," "Faust," "Romeo and Juliet," "Carmen," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Don Giovanni," and a dozen other old and new favourites—is an index of the musical tastes of our American cousins. The box plan of the New Metropolitan Opera House, given in this tasteful and elaborate programme, contains the names of such plutocrats as the Vanderbilts and the Astors, in addition to many others well known in New York society. A programme on the lines of this would be an interesting addition to our own Italian opera season.

The announcement of Miss Calhoun's engagement for an important part in Sydney Grundy's new play at the Garrick might be followed up by a few further particulars concerning the English theatrical career of that clever actress from California, whose recent appearance upon the Parisian boards was noted in various places at the time. It was in 1882 that Miss Calhoun, who was said to be a kinsman of the celebrated South Carolina statesman and orator, John Caldwell Calhoun, came over to this country to seek new histrionic laurels. The autumn of that year was marked by the season of Mrs. Langtry at the Imperial Theatre, and in October Miss Calhoun had the nerve to put herself against the Jersey Lily by appearing not only at the same house, but in the very same parts of Hester Grazebrook in Tom Taylor's "An Unequal Match," and of Rosalind, the Shakspearean damsel of "coming on disposition." I am

glad to remember that I was one of those who at the time laid special stress upon Miss Calhoun's capacity for emotional rôles, and a long engagement at the Haymarket followed this Westminster experiment. Miss Calhoun played Mabel Vase in "Masks and Faces" (Acts II. and III.) on the very last night of the Bancroft management, July 20, 1885; and other characters sustained by her in the two years preceding were those of Dora in "Diplomacy," Blanche Haye in "Ours," the Countess Olga in "Fedora," Lydia Languish in "The Rivals," and Lady Nell in Pinero's "Lords and Commons." Mr. Clement Scott referred the other day to Miss Calhoun's Hester Prynne at the Royalty, June 1888, in one of the rival versions of "The Scarlet Letter," that made by the Hon. Stephen Coleridge and Mr. Norman Forbes, the latter now in America with the Kendals.

An interesting theatrical revival—in the provinces, it is true, but none the worse for that—has just taken place. Miss Isabel Bateman, having acquired from Mr. Pinero rights over "The Squire," has successfully reproduced that play at Newcastle, appearing herself in Mrs. Kendal's old rôle of Kate Verity. "The Squire" was one of the earlier pieces brought out during the Hare-Kendal régime at the St. James's, and its mention recalls, after the lapse of nearly thirteen years, dim memories of a famous phrase concerning bringing "the scent of the hay over the footlights," and of an acrid controversy upon which it would now be rather ungracious to dwell. The other principals in the original cast of this work, that marks an interesting stage in the development of the author of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," were Mr. Kendal as Lieutenant Thorndyke, Mr. Hare as the Rev. Paul Dormer, the late T. W. Wenman as Gilbert Hythe, and Mr. Mackintosh as Gunnion. Frederic Clay, it will be remembered, wrote the Harvest Home music. Miss Isabel Bateman is also going to play "The Profligate," except in a few towns reserved by Mr. Forbes-Robertson, and so she will be able to give her provincial admirers at least a change from the familiar round of "Jane Shore," "Leah," "Green Bushes," and other dramas of long standing. Her performance of the ill-starred goldsmith's wife in W. G. Wills's historical play retained, when I last saw it, many fine qualities. It is only a few months since I outlined in this column the somewhat intricate relationships that connect by marriage the Bateman, Compton-Mackenzie, and Critchett (Claude Carton) families. Mrs. Crowe's daughter, Miss Sydney Crowe, is, in the absence of her aunt, Miss Virginia Bateman, playing lead with Mr. Edward Compton's company.

While play-going London is still vaguely awaiting the much-talked-about production at the Lyceum of "Madame Sans-Gêne," with Miss Ellen Terry in the title-part so delightfully sustained by Réjane, and Mr. Irving in another leading character, the Americans have forestalled us again. A version of Sardou's play, made by Augustus Pitou, has just been brought out with success at Washington. "Madame Sans-Gêne" seems to have been finely staged and generally well acted, although the names of the members of the company are unfamiliar to most English pittites and stall and box patrons.

I have often thought what a boon it is to hostesses in the country when there are ruins or Roman remains within negotiable distance. Such endless respite from one's guests can be arranged by means of the heaven-sent adjacent antiquities. Personally, I am bored by ruins, and care no more for tumuli than turnips, but, having unsuspectingly gone for a few days' shooting in the Shottery neighbourhood last week, was inevitably cast for an expedition to Anne Hathaway's cottage and the rest of it. An old dame of eighty-three, the lineal descendant of Shakspeare's love, showed us over the little house, and told us quaint things within her own experience. "Mr. Charles Dickens, he came here one day, years ago," she said, with Wilkie Collins and Mark Lemon. He sat in there on the ingle nook and wrote on a piece of paper—"if you look up the chimney you can see the sky"—and I mind me how Wilkie Collins laughed, for that was the seat where Shakspeare and Anne sat a-courting." One of our number, who is something of a wit, added his tribute in a very pretty play on the Elizabethan syren's name—

Anne Hathaway,  
She hath a way  
To make earth heaven,  
Ann hath a way.

A successful appearance as Mabel in "The Pirates of Penzance" induced Miss Nora Gorton, one of the youngest of the comic opera actresses, to seek a career on the stage. When quite a little girl, Miss Gorton, who hails from the country of the Pychley Hunt, was locally famous for her rendering of hunting songs at gatherings where enthusiasts in sport vigorously unburden themselves in rollicking choruses. Thus she early learned to feel at home in public, so to speak. After a training at the Guildhall School of Music, Miss Gorton had the good fortune to be engaged by Mr. D'Oyly Carte as a member of the Royal English Opera. In "Ivanhoe" she was the Maid Marian, and selected to understudy Miss Esther Palliser and others of the *prime donne*. Engagements in concerts and oratorio and for the inevitable "tours" followed. Mr. George Edwardes entrusted the piquant part of Miss Juliette Nesville in "A Gaiety Girl" to Miss Gorton, and her remarkable success in the provinces has stamped her as a brilliant soubrette of the highest promise. Miss Gorton will appear in the Christmas pantomime at the Theatre Royal, Bath, as the principal girl, and introduce a new song, specially written for her, "The Lady Nurse," in which the foibles of the wearers of a familiar and bewitching costume are wickedly satirised.





MISS NORAH GIRTTON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.



Newcastle always strikes one as prosaic of the prosaic, but a fairy wand recently touched it and turned its Olympia into a "Fairyländ" for the nonce on behalf of a church fund. One of the features of this extemporised "Fairyländ" was a "School in Nurseryland," as a children's operetta, written by Miss Ella Simpson, and composed by Mr. McConnell Wood, was called. The names of the characters alone will give some idea of the nature of this nursery school—Dame Trot, Bo-Peep, Mary Contrary, Miss Muffett, Jill, A, B, and C, a, b, and c, Daisy Dimple, The Dolls, Jack Horner, Tom Tucker, Jack, and Humpty Dumpty. Miss Simpson took all the familiar nursery rhymes, and dressed them in new forms, giving each an appropriate personality. The Dolls' dance was a great success.

It is a common but unfounded belief that the genus linkman is extinct, that he faded with Dickens and the writers of the century's earlier decades; but this is not the fact. A friend has called my attention to the existence of one in the North of London, who, in these years of messenger boys and telephones, manages to eke out rather more than a

paddock, and then crossed the course to the ring. The race, if I recollect rightly, was over a mile and a half, and the horses went out of sight. At length they reached the distance, and I gnashed my teeth and tore my hair—or thought of doing so. Ammonite was leading, and coming down with a rush, but I still raved. The horses behind did their level best to reach my fancy, and they did that best in vain, but I continued to rave. Ammonite romped in a length and a half in front of the second, but my grief was unassuaged. And the reason of this thusness was that when Ammonite came away at the distance he was riderless. He had unshipped his jockey, and wished to show the talent what he could do "on his own." And when my penciller, who had been giving me money all day, saw that finish, he smiled a huge smile, and patted his money-bag as though he loved it. Curiously enough, the only time Ammonite won a race this year was at Windsor.

Douglas Jerrold said that if the earth were convulsed by an earthquake, Englishmen would somehow manage to meet together and celebrate the event by a banquet. It is our pleasant habit thus to



"NURSERYLAND" AND SOME OF ITS INHABITANTS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. RUDDOCK, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

living wage. He has been a linkman for more than fifty years—so long, indeed, that, to use the legal phraseology, "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." He carries a lamp in place of the old-fashioned link, and is ready at all hours of the night to call cabs or guide the wandering wayfarer through the wilds of Highbury and Canonbury. There is only one hindrance in the way of his becoming a valuable adjunct to North London civilisation, and that is his popularity. He has a large *clientèle*, and calls upon it regularly, and where his services are not required the patron usually sends him out a consolation prize in the shape of liquid nourishment. The inevitable result of this is that by the time he reaches his last patrons he is like the last 'bus of the low comedian, "full inside." If his services are then required, they are of far less value than they might be if he were quite sober. Yet, after all, the good people who cling to old-fashioned institutions must make up their minds to put up with the trifling discomforts that attend them.

The November Handicap at Manchester was not an inspiring sight. For more than a quarter of an hour Barbary galloped round the course riderless, while, after this, Xylophone gave young Kempton Cannon no trouble. The race is now forgotten, but Barbary's run reminded me of a painful incident. About a couple of seasons ago I was in the ring at Windsor waging war with the pencillers, and for some race I selected Ammonite to win me a lot of money. I had seen the horse in the

congratulate our friends, and therefore I was not surprised to be bidden to a dinner at the Holborn Restaurant on Nov. 27 to felicitate Mr. Hazell, M.P., on his success at the poll. About fifty gentlemen who had long enjoyed the friendship of the junior member for Leicester assembled: "With jovial laugh they feasted, The board was nobly spread." Mr. T. S. Geard was the chairman, and his speeches were models of grace and felicity. "The Houses of Parliament" were toasted, and Mr. J. Carvell Williams, M.P., responded for the faithful Commons, but no peer was present to defend the Upper House. After three gentlemen had, each after his own pleasant fashion, expressed the congratulations of the company to Mr. Hazell, the guest of the evening spoke admirably and effectively. He stated that he had been termed by one paper "the unfortunate Member for Leicester" owing to what Mr. Micawber would term "that little matter of the writ," and he detailed the circumstances which led to his election for Leicester—a constituency which had shown him great kindness throughout a critical period. There were other speeches, all of a higher order than is usual on such occasions; and Mr. Josiah Booth provided some delightful music, given by that fine singer Mr. Alexander Tucker, Mr. Barnes, and Mr. C. Bedells. Mr. Booth gave "The Sentry's Song" excellently, and a song by himself, "The Vivandière," was likewise much appreciated. Mr. Alexander Watson twice recited with that rare artistic charm which distinguishes him among all elocutionists.



## SWAZI IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND.\*

Our Swazi visitors have left us. It fell to my lot to see a good deal of them during their stay in London, and it is no exaggeration to say that their short residence here was a period of almost uninterrupted wonder.

What, I was anxious to know, impressed them most? It happened that I asked the question on the day of their return from Windsor, and only with difficulty could they be got to talk of anything else. Windsor Castle was marvellous indeed in their eyes. They approached its portals



BORAN, GENERAL OF THE SWAZI ARMY.

from the station in royal carriages with an awe which deepened as they passed into the inner recesses of the castle, noting the policemen on duty, the sentries marching to and fro, and, above all, the splendidly-attired attendants of the castle in their brilliant scarlet outfit.

What had they in their own country to compare with this? They simply laughed at the thought of comparison, and it is easy to understand that laugh when you remember what their queen's palace is like. Even an outcast Labrador fisherman would call it a poor hovel of a place; quite an ordinary hut, outside which, when the weather is suitable, her Majesty the Queen of the Swazis may be seen, in very scanty garments, squatted upon the ground, with, perhaps, an even more scantily-attired female and a hungry-looking cur of a dog attending her. Passing into the corridor of Windsor Castle, the envoys found the ladies and gentlemen of the Court assembled, and a guard of honour of the Royal Horse Guards mounted in full uniform, with a regimental trumpeter in his state dress. The red-plumed helmet, shining cuirasses and gold aiguillettes all left their impression, and as the central figure sat the Great White Queen herself.

These Swazi chiefs are gallant men, and when I asked what they thought of her Majesty the prompt reply came, "A most handsome woman." They wanted to squat themselves on the ground in her presence, for the sitting posture is, to them, a position of dignity and respect.

Nongganga, the son of King Umswazi, began the talk, and it was impossible to deny the eloquence and earnestness of his plea for the continued protection of the Great White Queen. There was about it quite a touch of pathos, and it was not a little disappointing to the Swazis to find that her Majesty had no intention of entering into a conference with them. The chief idea they had in their minds in coming to England was to learn from the lips of the Queen herself whether Sir Henry Loch and the other representatives of her Majesty had been authorised in all they had done, and when her Majesty simply referred the envoys back again to the Colonial Office the sense of disappointment was inevitable, though the impression of the visit to Windsor, as a whole, was undoubtedly good.

It was very difficult to make the Swazis even begin to understand the religious life of England. St. Paul's

and Westminster Abbey were, of course, magnificent buildings, but their real purpose remained a mystery after all the explanation which it was possible to give. A kind of place of entertainment was their nearest conception of a church. In their own land, of course, there are no churches—indeed, it may almost be said that there is no religion. They have some impression of the existence of a Maker of the universe, but the witch doctor is probably the nearest approach to a priest in their eyes, and the conjuring entertainment which Lady Ripon provided at her house on Chelsea Embankment was the kind of religious service which most nearly appealed to their sense of mystery. The witch doctors of Swaziland are conjurers in their way, but when Lady Ripon handed to each envoy a silver watch which had been mysteriously produced from the hats of the audience the dusky visitors felt that the climax had been reached.

The real justification of the visit of the Swazis to England was that they might return impressed, not only with the sympathy of England, but with the power of this country to make the Boers keep their promises, and maintain the rights of the natives when a Boer administration is set up in Swaziland. Remembering this, the visit to Aldershot cannot be said to have been a success. The day was so miserably wet that no review of the troops could be held, and General Sir Baker Russell had to fall back upon a miniature kind of military tournament, with musical rides, leaping and jumping contests, and the other feats with which county sports have made every English yokel familiar. Of course, the envoys were highly pleased with these feats, and talked of the marvels of the "great war kraal," but the visit was not what it might have been. Indeed, had the Swazis given their candid opinion, they would probably have told you that Hengler's Circus was a more important affair than the Aldershot Camp.

Again and again the Swazis spoke of the high London houses—so high, they thought, as to shut out the sunshine—and the hardness of the streets, so different from their soft veldt tracks. They have, it is true, in Swaziland a sort of road made by whites between the two main kraals, but it is at best only a series of paths without any foundation beyond the bare earth. Railways did not surprise them much, for one or two of the envoys had seen the iron horse and its wonders during visits to Natal. Not so the omnibuses. Indeed, the exclamation they all made when they reached London, and saw 'bus following 'bus in one long string in the public streets, was, "Here, indeed, is the seat of Government." So many huge carriages and so many people to fill them could never be found anywhere except at the centre of administration. This impression was confirmed when Lord Mayor's day came, and they saw something of a London crowd. The gorgeous lumbering gilt coach of the new Lord Mayor amused them; the sea of human faces amazed them. "Spots on a counterpane!" one of them exclaimed.

The Swazis took very kindly to English diet. If you had seen the dishes as they came down from their dining-room, you would need no further assertion on that point. Eggs were their abomination, milk had no charms for them, and the nearer they could get to their native Kaffir beer the better they were pleased. Kaffir beer is their great delight at home, with plenty of meat and goat's flesh, while the boys have to be content with porridge, and the children with curdled milk. With our European apparel the Swazis had some acquaintance before coming to England, though it was easy to see that they found the boots and the flapping trousers a great bother. In the early days of their visit they might have been seen stuffing their trousers well into their boots to avoid the irritation. "Now that they have tasted the joys of European apparel, will they keep to it?" I asked. "So long as the clothes last, yes, but not a moment longer." Then back they will go to aprons before and behind."



UMTILLAN RIVER, SWAZILAND.

\* The photographs are from the private collection of Sir Donald Currie, whose courtesy in permitting their reproduction we desire to acknowledge.



Perhaps the first thing to strike an Englishman about these Swazi visitors was their head-rings. This head-ring is really a vegetable, cut in two, mixed with ashes—not sand, as some fancy—and fixed to the head, after preparation, as a sign of manhood and marriage. It makes no difference how many wives a Swazi has, he still keeps to his one head-ring. The six Swazi envoys whom we have had with us have thirty-eight wives among them, and very jealous they are about this species of property. There are between 60,000 and 70,000 Swazis in Swaziland, so that we may know what to expect should trouble unfortunately arise;



NATIVE SWAZI BOY.

and the chiefs number about thirty. It is quite a mistake, by-the-way, to imagine that chief and induna are interchangeable terms. The nearest approach to the word induna in the English language is the term secretary.

As to the round of dinners and sightseeing, it suited the Swazis exactly. At home their business is fighting, and, as there is nothing to be done in that line just at present, the male Swazis spend their time in eating, drinking, and talking, going from kraal to kraal listening to and imparting gossip. Work is altogether an affair of the women. It is the business of the ladies to provide their lords with the necessities of life, hoeing the gardens, sowing the crops, and reaping the mealies and Kaffir corn and beans. What a splendid field for the "New Woman" Swaziland must be!

#### AN OLD IRISH CUSTOM.

Deep-rooted regard for the "good ould families" is still an appreciably healthy sentiment in Ireland. I had occasion to pass through the ancient borough of Youghal, once the home of Raleigh and the happy hunting-ground of Spenser; later a thriving port, where merry mayors ruled the roost and ships in a plenteous company sailed over the harbour bar, now a long, half-ruinous line of main street and disappearing strand, where the people cross the Atlantic as its long billows encroach upon their homes. The measured, melancholy clamour of a bell from an ancient clock tower arrested my attention by its insistent piteous note. "Will that wretched bell never stop?" I asked the cheerful waiter. "Och, no, not till she's buried, God rest her," and Pat flicked away an intruding crumb with his napkin. My curiosity was aroused, but, knowing the race, I only allowed myself an interrogative exclamation. "It's this way, thin," said Pat, with a confidential disposition of his features as he arranged the table. "In ould ancient times, somewhere about the sixteenth century, there was throuble between them beyant"—and he nodded Thames-wards—"an' ourselves. The boys had got hold of an ould castle, ye see, where some of the English residents were in hidin', and would have burnt 'em up body and bones but for the paeceable advice of one Maurice Ronayne, who was mercifully misinclined to go so far. Well, Sir," continued Pat, as he deftly changed my plates, "they lit 'em off at his prayer, and whin pace was proclaimed the Corporation made a byelaw, or whatever it was called thin, grantin' to all Maurice Ronayne's descendants the honour of a tollin' bell while they lie above ground. An' shure one of the family died yesterday, rest her sowl; and will yer honour be takin' the praties mashed or fried?" I questioned the landlord, and found that Pat was absolutely correct in his delivery of town lore. When a Ronayne dies and while a Ronayne lies unburied the ancient bell of Youghal's historic township proclaims together the passing of a soul and the unforgotten memory of its ancestor.

#### HORS D'ŒUVRES.

There is always a satisfaction in getting something done, even though it be done wrongly. It is over, at any rate; it cannot be undone, however advisable such a step might be—and, indeed, usually would be. Thus all sides may feel a satisfaction at the result of the School Board election for London. For weeks had Riley riled, and Diggle diggled, and Courthope brandished his Bowie, and Stanley gone Lyulphing around; and now has the conflict sunk to peace, and the party in power remains a majority, but of the narrowest; so that the sensible men of both parties may come to the front. Were the so-called Moderate majority to borrow a doctrine often proclaimed by earnest Radicals, and become the more aggressive and overbearing the smaller and more precarious their majority, we might count on a deadlock even more complete than that of Parliament; but we may trust that wiser counsels will prevail. Athelstan the Unriley will doubtless accept the lesson involved in his bare retention of the lowest seat, and will cease to vex the souls of teachers with confessions of faith, and the Rev. Stewart Headlam will refrain from reminding the world of the obvious rhyme to his name.

So, too, it must be almost a relief, even to the Chinese, that the Japanese have at last rushed Port Arthur. Everybody agreed that they must soon do so; that it was their duty to do so; and it was being announced daily in the papers that they had taken the fortress. Now, at last, the expected has happened. Probably the next item of news will be that a Japanese force has entered Peking. Contradicted again and again, this rumour also will end by becoming an accomplished fact, and by that time the civilised world, or that portion of it which reads the newspapers, will have learnt to accept the Japanese occupation of Peking as a familiar fact.

One of the best points about the Japanese is that on the military side, at least, they do not seem to have lost their heads in victory. Their advance was methodical and deliberate; they reconnoitred and bombarded in the approved style. Germans could have done no otherwise. French troops in a similar campaign might very probably have got out of hand and suffered disaster. Englishmen would have deserted the methods of art, and resorted to the unseemly, if often effective, tactics displayed—with much else—at the taking of Lung-tung-pen. It only remains for the Japs to show their mastery of diplomacy as well as of war. Little David, the despised youth, has once more felled big Goliath, and is in a fair way to cut off his head with his own captured weapons of war; but he had best *not* invert the order of his exploits by challenging the Lion and the Bear.

A new departure in the field of journalism is the threepenny weekly, whereof two representatives, the *Realm* and the *Liberal*, have burst upon us. Probably these new journals will give the *coup de grâce* to some of the tottering sixpenny reviews. The *Saturday Review* and *National Observer* have lately suffered a change into something not particularly rich and strange, and might with advantage cease to be, if the alternative is that they continue as they now are. The *Speaker* has never seemed to have more than a galvanised existence, and, having knighted its laborious editor, may well depart in peace. Sixpence is too much to pay for anything without pictures, unless it be a complete romance; and when you can get the three Charles—Dickens, Reade, and Kingsley—for sixpence a volume, who will spend that sum for a bare farrago of sniggering satire and carping comment that does not, when read, furnish even an inch of illustration to point a scrap-book or adorn a screen?

We want novelty in every direction, and it ought not to be so difficult to attain it. For *l'oublié vaut le neuf*; novelties are only cyclic repetitions of old fashions. The difficulty is to calculate your cycle, and to find out in what direction the public taste will develop. There are so many publics, too, that it is a special science to determine to which one we are to appeal in preference. All these publics have their taste—so very much of it, as the late Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, is reported to have said of a certain versatile archdeacon, and all so very bad. Or, again, sometimes so unexpectedly good, which is more perplexing than ever.

For commercial success in literature and drama the best rule seems to be—do very good work, if you can; if you can't, be frankly bad. There is a certain public for each class of work.

MARMITON.

Under the title of "The Land of the Dawning" (Remington), an interesting narrative of colonial experience has been written by Mr. Edward H. Canney. The book shows the careful observation by a thoughtful man of the various natural and human phases of Australia, and its style is decidedly pleasant and readable.



THE ART OF THE DAY.



ADELINE.—G. SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

*"Mystery of mysteries !  
Faintly smiling Adeline,  
Scarce of earth, nor all Divine,*

*Nor unhappy, nor at rest,  
But beyond expression fair  
With thy floating flaxen hair."*—TENNYSON.

EXHIBITED AT THE GALLERY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.



## ART NOTES.

The death of Thomas Nelson Maclean deprives English sculpture of a valuable servant, whose life-work added much distinction to the labours of the few English artists who are gradually giving fame and reputation to a school which is still young and somewhat immature. He studied first under Carrier-Belleuse in Paris; being there a more or less intimate associate of famous artists such as Dubois and Bastien-Lepage. Sir Henry Cole, of South Kensington fame, was among his first patrons, and



IN THE DELHI FORT.—REGINALD BARRATT.  
Exhibited at the Fine Art Society, New Bond Street, W.

the exhibition of his "Ione," in 1875, more or less established his reputation. It was only in the early months of the present year that he married a daughter of Mr. William Linnell. He had barely entered upon his fiftieth year at the time of his death.

Sir John Millais has completed, in defiance of his serious illness, two pictures that date from this summer. Mr. Henry Tate is the purchaser and possessor of both, although one will have to be returned for some final touching up. One of these canvases deals with the dramatic subject of St. Stephen's martyrdom; the other is a far quieter subject—simply a figure seated, clad in black, looking forth into the night. It is understood that a title for this last picture has not yet been decided upon; both have been chosen by the trustees of the National Gallery to help in the formation of the nucleus of the new Millbank Gallery.

The private collection of the brothers Van der Donck, both of whom recently paid the dues of mortality, is just about to come into the market at Brussels, the actual date of the first day of sale being Dec. 4. These two brothers, by name Francis and John, have been among the most influential picture dealers in the whole world of art during the past sixty years. They patronised art, as Macaulay would have said, "with the judicious liberality of a Cosmo." It was due to them that many a famous artist—among these being Alfred Stevens—arrived at distinction, and they were among the most prominent members of the syndicate that purchased the "Angelus" of Millet. Their collection was, in its way, superb, and it is said that, among other lots, it contained some incomparable watches and an Empire dinner service that is unique. Such a record makes one itch to be a millionaire.

Among other smaller exhibitions, one must not forget to note the Dutch Gallery, which contrives, as usual, to provide exquisite quality where quantity is apt to pall somewhat on the taste. There, two works by Matthew Maris are hung, and should, among such as are incredulous of that artist's deserved fame, persuade the world of the richness of his style and the purity of his accomplishment. A Cecil Lawson, too, hangs there, "After the Storm—the Valley of Desolation," which, to our mind, is even finer than the landscape that hangs in the National Gallery.

There is grief in Vigo Street, which will be shared by many of the public who take interest in the enterprises of John Lane and his band of "Modernists." Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, whose eccentric drawings have done much to win fame for the business carried on but lately under the sign of the Bodley Head, and have prompted the irreverent to re-christen it "Bodley Head and Shoulders," is ill. His doctor tells him that he must leave off work for a time, and he himself feels that he is overdone, though possessed of much nervous energy, and must comply with this order. His constitution is somewhat frail, and he has always been more or less troubled with hemorrhage, which, during the last few months, has become more serious, and has sadly reduced his strength. In a few days, therefore, he is to retreat to Malvern and undergo careful treatment for a time. It is hoped that he will there get some of the necessary rest and quietness to which, since his astonishing burst into conspicuousness, he has been almost a stranger. Everybody will wish that he may quickly and surely recover, and some may cherish the hope that, with more robust health, he may have the strength to discard the more gratuitously grotesque of his mannerisms, and so bring to clearer and surer birth the remarkable genius which obviously underlies them.

The collection of coloured prints by that extraordinary Japanese designer, Utamaro, who flourished some hundred years ago, which at present hangs in the Goupil Gallery, is as remarkable and as beautiful as it is engrossing and attractive. What one admires most of all in Utamaro is the breadth and variety of his skill, the flexibility and ease of his style, and his artistic adoption of every legitimate means to produce an artistic result. In design, as in finish, his composition was excellent.

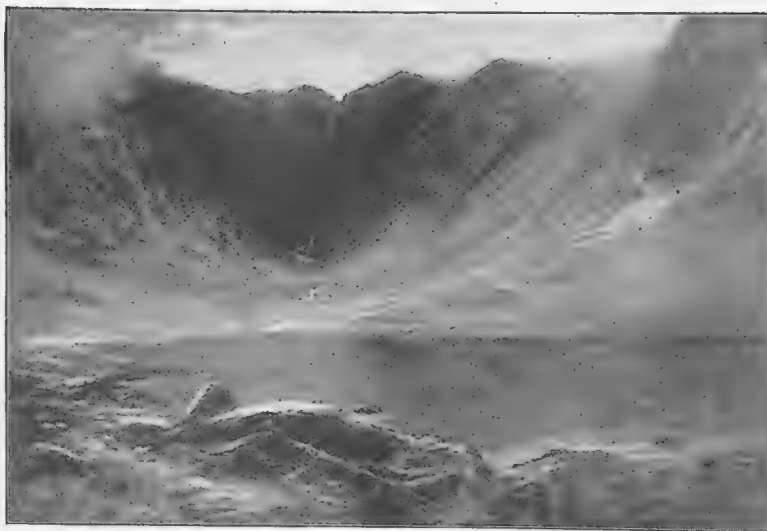


A LANDSCAPE.—E. H. EILERS.  
In the Bristol Fine Arts Academy Winter Exhibition.



## ART IN BRISTOL.

The Bristol Fine Arts Academy Winter Exhibition brought together upwards of four hundred pictures in oil, water-colour, and pastel. The members are doing their best to raise the tone of the Institution, and make it worthy of the city and of the long line of artists whose names are associated with Bristol and its Academy. The pictures are hung with spaces between, which is a great improvement upon the old-fashioned way of packing them together as closely as possible. One of the chief features of the exhibition is the collection of forty odd pictures by members of the Newlyn and St. Ives Schools. Among the exhibits are pictures by



Sir Thomas Lawrence, Edward Bird, R.A., Paul Falconer Poole, R.A., Francis Danby, A.R.A., Thomas Danby, James Danby, W. J. Müller, J. B. Pyne, Bailey, R.A. (sculptor), Nathan Cooper Branwhite, Nathan Branwhite, Charles Branwhite, Samuel Jackson, James Hardy, Heywood Hardy, David Hardy, Matthew Hale, S. P. Jackson, W. Collingwood, William West, James Curnock, and J. Jackson Curnock. Local artists are well represented, notably by Mr. F. A. W. T. Armstrong, whose picture, "Idwal's Gloom," is here reproduced. Altogether the exhibition is a very creditable collection of what Bristol can do for art.

IDWAL'S GLOOM.—F. A. W. T. ARMSTRONG.

Messrs. Frost and Reed, of Bristol, the owners of the copyright, will publish a black and white reproduction of it.



SOME OF THE PICTURES IN THE EXHIBITION.



NEAR ILFRACOMBE.—E. GOULDSMITH.



CARNARVON CASTLE.—C. BROOKE BRANWHITE.



## SOME STUDIES IN BLACK AND WHITE

*Exhibited at Mr. Mendoza's Gallery, King Street, S.W.*

CLAIRE.—LILLY HUGHES.



PHILOMENE.—AMY DRUCKER.



PETS.—MARY H. EARNSHAW.



"A WORLD OF THOUGHT IN THOSE SWEET EYES."—S. JOANNA SHALES.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



"Ain't got a rag to my back, Sir."  
"Why, confound it, you're all rags."





"Do you get board at your diggings?"  
"Awfully!"

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## MR. FRANKFORT MOORE AT HOME.

I found Mr. Frankfort Moore in a big, roomy study overlooking the orchard of his house at Kew Gardens. It was the most unlittered study I have ever seen for a writing man or woman. His old-fashioned desk is full of pigeon-holes crammed with many papers, but outside that Mr. Moore seems to keep his materials and his library in his head, for the books are singularly few. From a collector's point of view, the room is more interesting. An exquisitely inlaid piano, a cupboard containing some old china and majolica, a few carved chairs, give the room distinction. These, which would be the delight of any house-proud matron, are the merest parings of Mr. Moore's collection, which you shall see downstairs. The principal intention in the study is to have abundant light and air, and as few dust-traps as may be. Mr. Moore works in the garden as long as he can, and when he is driven indoors he gets as much live air as possible. The fewness of his tools is amazing. With his Carter's Literary Machine and his Fountain pen he can take the world more light-heartedly than any literary man I know; on occasion even the Literary Machine can be dispensed with, and a roll of paper with the Fountain pen make all his baggage. Perhaps he learnt his hatred of littering papers and books of reference in the newspaper office where he spent some years of his life, and to which he refers in a few comprehensive words.

Mr. Moore is busily engaged on what he calls "a romance of peculiar character." It is entitled "The Secret of the Court," and will be published, with numerous illustrations by G. H. Edwards, in January. His new three-volume will be, he hopes, ready by March. He writes on end when he is engaged at a book, and scarcely leaves his desk, except for meals and a little exercise, till it is finished. After a book is finished he takes a little holiday. He is pleasantly optimistic about most things, unless it be about "the commercial capital of Ireland," the "Baymouth" of "One Fair Daughter," where he spent the greater part of his life. There is something invigorating about his reminiscences of Belfast. His view of the critics is kindness itself.

"I have every reason," he says in answer to my question, "to thank the critics of 'One Fair Daughter.' They have made the book talked about, and in request at the libraries. They have read the book, and that is a personal compliment. They have not always been complimentary, but the majority have been just, and many discriminating. I have reviewed thousands of books in the days when I was connected with a newspaper of well-deserved unpopularity in Belfast, and I know that reviewing is the most thankless task."

"Well, you are thankful, Mr. Moore," I say; "but I should like to know how you justify Philippa Liscomb?"

"Justify her!" says the novelist, lifting his hands; "I don't justify her. I think her simply atrocious. I've been badly treated by a good many characters in my novels, but she is worst of all. Why, when I saw whither she was tending, I expostulated, I entreated, I implored her not to imperil my reputation as well as her own—all in vain. I reasoned with her daily from Kew Gardens up Richmond Hill and through the Park. I even referred to what Mr. Walter Besant had said regarding persons of her type, but she merely laughed at me, and went her own way."

"Was there as much diversity of opinion regarding 'One Fair Daughter' as 'I Forbid the Banns'?"

"Quite as much, but my impression is that it is such diversity sells a book. My two earlier novels, published by Messrs. Smith and Elder, were favourably reviewed all round, and never reached second editions."

"Have you a good word to say for the publishers, as well as the critics, Mr. Moore?"

"Certainly. To the enterprise of Messrs. Hutchinson much of the success of my recent novels is due. Of 'I Forbid the Banns' and 'A Grey Eye or So' eight editions have been published in England. Then Messrs. Hutchinson arranged for American editions, a Colonial edition, a Tauchnitz edition, and German translations. There is a Russian translation of 'I Forbid the Banns.'"

"Have you written any play since 'The Queen's Room' was produced at the Opéra Comique?"

"I have just sold a play, which will be produced at a popular theatre. I have had two plays produced in the provinces since 'The Queen's Room,' and have had several refused by the most competent managers in London. Plays, in my mind, correspond to the 'wild cat' stocks in Wall Street. One may make a fortune by a single deal in plays; but I cannot afford to gamble. I prefer the gilt-edged securities which take the form of novels."

Get Mr. Moore away from his desk to show you his collection, and you see where the man's heart really is, and that his novel-writing is but a means to an end. He is a born collector, and will stalk the unfortunate possessor of something he covets with a cold-blooded patience, which is certain to win in the end. You may waste some hours of his valuable time looking at his beautiful things, and neither he nor you will heed the time passing. A fig for collections made by your man of the long purse! The thing is to haunt the shady purlieus of great cities, pawnbrokers' shops, out-of-the-way farmhouses, Belfast auctions, and unlikely places where great treasures can be had for little money. There is Mr. Moore's exquisite old Venetian glass chandelier, one of two or three in existence.

"I discovered that," he says, "in a zinc bath outside a dealer's shop in Belfast. I did not believe there was a whole piece in the heap when I first espied it, and was afraid to examine it lest a rival should approach, so I hastily bought the bath and its contents for fifteen shillings. When I found that the chandelier was complete, yea, to the petals of every tulip, I returned the bath."

And there it hangs, all rose and gold and azure, in the drawing-room at Airdrie Lodge, Kew Gardens. The Sèvres table, with its plaque thirty inches in diameter, Mr. Moore waited for many years. He will not divulge the price, but the late Sir C. Domville bought it at the Tuileries sale for 6000 francs. The unhappy dealer in whose possession it was, and who refused to sell it to Mr. Moore, died, after some years of steady persistence on Mr. Moore's part and resistance on his own. I would advise anyone who has an *objet d'art* coveted by Mr. Moore to give it up to him peacefully. The two inlaid console tables, which he followed for eleven years, were presented by Sir Richard Wallace from the Hertford Collection to their late owner. The old parquet floor Mr. Moore found scattered outside a carpenter's shed in a small street off Camden Road.

"I never saw so good a specimen," he says, "but the carpenter was overjoyed at getting £3 for it. My greatest find was a large piece of Limoges enamel, signed by Nicholas Laudin." The subject is a Virgin and Child, and it is indeed very lovely.

"It ran the gauntlet of many

auctions," says Mr. Moore, "and the auctioneer was glad to get half a sovereign for it. He had bought it for five shillings." The white French chairs and sofa were found in a Whitechapel furniture dealer's. The old French tapestry on the walls was picked up for a thousand marks in a small shop in the Jewish quarter of Berlin. Mr. Moore has also a tea-set of Louis Philippe's in blue Sèvres, with the royal crown and monogram. The dining-room is as beautiful as the drawing-room with old oak, old silver, old miniatures, and massive Waterford and Bohemian glass. In fact, in Mr. Moore's house "bigotry and virtue" of the finest sort are conspicuous, if they are missing from his novels. K. H.



Photo by Russell and Son, Baker Street, W.

MR. F. FRANKFORT MOORE.

Miss H. M. Waithman, whose volume of poems entitled "Charybdis" attracted the attention of those critical astronomers who are ever watching the literary firmament, is meditating another selection of her work. This is good news for those who enjoyed the graceful ability which distinguished Miss Waithman's first book. She has allowed some years to elapse before tempting the fates again, and, no doubt, her style has matured. It may be recollected that a well-known critic, in a recent survey of the women poets of to-day, highly praised Miss Waithman's muse. There is in her poetry an undercurrent of sadness which, however, does not appear too often on the surface of her tide of song. Several of her best efforts are those poems written *en plein air*, lightly and brightly reflecting the natural beauties of the landscape or the sea.



## CHRISTMAS NUMBERS: THE FIRST FLIGHT.

Two fine days and a thunderstorm are said to make an English summer. Perhaps with equal truth it might be affirmed that family feasts, gorgeous pantomimes, and Christmas numbers make the modern Saturnalia. For the summer season, perhaps it will be best to let bygones be bygones, but for the winter festival surely we may take the signs of the season, and anticipate a merry time. Millions of plum puddings are already in the making. Hundreds of pantomimes are already in rehearsal, and who shall say how many "hardy annuals" are waiting to do their part in Christmas entertainment? First comes the *Graphic*, with its large cartoon of our fair Princess of Wales from the brush of Luke Fildes, and its pages full of coloured pictures, large and small, humorous and pathetic, and its stories by Grant Allen, B. M. Croker, Maarten Maartens, and dramatic sketch by Robert Buchanan. This is followed by the *Lady's Pictorial*, with a "pictorial lady" on the cover, and seven stories by modern women, including Marie Corelli and the author of "The Yellow Aster," together with Part I. of an original operetta by Edward E. Soloman and H. P. Stephens, entitled "A Society Cinderella," and a large coloured supplement, entitled



ON MONTMARTRE.—C. D. GIBSON.

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"Buttercups," by Madame Canziani, the largest of all the Christmas supplements. Then comes *Black and White*, which has, curiously enough, less of actual black-and-white about it than most of its competitors. There is a dainty piece of colouring on the cover, and charming varieties of green-and-white, chocolate-and-white, and blue-and-white throughout the book. There is a fine cartoon, entitled "The Last Grip," lurid with military scarlet and Oriental sunset, but, with the exception of the supplements, "Blossoms" and "Canaries," from pictures by the late Albert Moore, there is little or no black-and-white beyond that contained in the title, which is printed in brown-and-white. It is a good number, however, and, both for its illustrations and its stories, should take its place on all literary menus of Christmas fare. *Holly Leaves* comes next, with its cover resplendent in red-and-gold, and its classical cartoon, "Reflections." There are some capital full-page cuts in this number—"Brevity is the Soul of Wit," "A Critical Moment," and "Too Seductive" being among the best. *Yule Tide*, the unattached Christmas number of Messrs. Cassell and Co., comprises a story by J. Maclaren Cobban, entitled "The Avenger of Blood," six small supplement pictures, of which two are in colours and four in monochrome, and a large plate, entitled "Hide and Seek." *Pears' Annual*, another of the unattached species, is certainly a splendid demonstration of Messrs. Pears' mastery in pictorial art. The book consists of a reproduction of Charles Dickens's story, "The Chimes," with thirty illustrations by Charles Green, and the supplements are three splendid cartoons, "The Fisherman's Wooing," "A Christmas Offering," and "Sea Horses." "*Chatterbox Christmas-Box*" is a Christmas annual for children, and will, doubtless, please the less critical tastes of children as much as some

of its better-executed contemporaries will the children of larger growth. The *Young Ladies' Journal* is a full number, with a large supplement, entitled "Love's Eloquence," to say nothing of the fashion plates, fancy costumes, a drawing-room play in one act, a musical supplement, and much more. The *Penny Illustrated Paper* is a big number, too, with its large plate, "Tally Ho!" and its stories by George R. Sims, John Lathey, George Manville Fenn, and other well-known writers. *Pearson's Weekly* Christmas number is full of stories, and with one of the prettiest cartoons that this year's variety can show. Christmas is close upon us, as we see. The annuals are with us, the puddings are in the pot, and the masqueraders are busy trying on the motley, in which once more to greet us with the old familiar cry, "Here we are again!" The *World* is aristocratic in its fiction, which commences with a story by Major Arthur Griffiths. Peers and Peeresses flit through the many and large pages of our contemporary, and no one can complain of not enough about "le hig lif." The cartoons by Alfred Bryan are not quite as pointed as of yore, that relating to a prospective House of Commons being in poor taste. The story illustrations by this clever artist are capital. What is termed the winter number of *To-Day* gives for sixpence several coloured pictures and stories by Thomas Hardy in collaboration with the Hon. Mrs. Henniker, by Jerome K. Jerome, W. L. Alden, and others.

The double-page picture by Sydney Adamson is indistinctly smudgy. Then comes the pioneer of Christmas numbers, that of the *Illustrated London News*, with its dainty darling dancing on the cover, and its large cartoon of "Bo-Peep," with humid eyes, mourning the "far-off look" about her sheep. Two other coloured pictures are included in this wealthy budget, "Guilty or Not Guilty," which will hardly justify an open verdict, and "Anne Hathaway's Cottage," which will make an admirable drawing-study for amateur water-colour artists. The black-and-white illustrations display the old-fashioned Christmas spent in the up-to-date Christmas dress, and the letterpress includes stories by "Q" and Lord Brabourne, and a comedy in one act by Anthony Hope.

Of the magazine Christmas numbers *Harper's* is a splendid example. It opens with an article entitled "An Arabian Day and Night," from the pen of Poulteney Bigelow, illustrated by eight fine drawings by Frederick Remington. This is followed by a paper on the "Evolution of the Country Club," by Caspar W. Whitney, which, if a little long and more than a little wordy, presents a number of interesting scenes, verbal and pictorial, of the humours of American country club life. Other interesting items are the series of illustrations of "The Taming of the Shrew" by E. A. Abbey, with comment by Andrew Lang, and Part I. of "The Simpletons," a novel by Thomas Hardy. The *Woman at Home* Christmas number comes recommended by a good list of contributors. Annie S. Swan, J. M. Barrie, L. T. Meade, Arthur Warren, Ian Maclaren, and S. Baring-Gould ought to be able to provide good Christmas fare, and it cannot be denied that they do. Nor is their catering all that is provided in this attractive number. "A Chat with Joachim," by the Baroness von Zedlitz, and "Sarah Grand," an illustrated interview by Jane T. Stoddart, add both biographical and pictorial interest. So good a number might have dispensed with the inferior coloured print which accompanies it. *Phil May's Annual* contains many examples of the artist's skill, besides contributions by Sarah Grand, Grant Allen, and other well-known writers. Old men and new women come in for a good share of quizzing, and many of the character sketches are especially good. Sarah Grand's suggestion that irascible old gentlemen should be taught to knit is especially happy. The waiter who pours champagne into the old lady's ear-trumpet had better keep clear of the milkman who invented the joke, and the gentleman who has no fear of the "weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth" because he has no teeth to gnash, owes something to the venerable female who first discovered that practical basis of consolation. Probably the venerable female referred to was a near relative of that other old lady who was thankful for small mercies, and who though she had only two teeth thanked God they were opposite each other, and, therefore, still full of service. Surely a genuine cause for seasonable thanksgiving this. "A Gentleman of the Old School," p. 56, and "An Old Sport," p. 82, remind us of the galloping squire of the good old days.



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## A NON-SECRET SPECIFIC.

There are two extremes in the gamut of the female form. There is the "scraggy" woman and the distinctly fat woman. Between these extremes there is the happy medium—idealised by poets—the buxom woman. The ancient philosophers told us that in the middle way of all things safety lies. Here is an exception to the wisdom of the ancients. The woman who is buxom has always before her the dread that in a few years she may turn the scale and sink to the level of obesity. Now, how is a woman inclined to buxomness to retain her comeliness and escape this constant dread? The frivolous wit of the playwrights has always made cheap fun at the expense of the lady whose charms, while increasing in quantity, are decreasing in quality. It is easy to excite a thoughtless laugh by the picture of a fat innamorata vainly attempting the languishing airs of her less ponderous sister. But Science, which is doing so much to ameliorate the lot of every section of mankind, must be able to produce a remedy for this most painful of human ills. We may be told that Science has attempted in vain to achieve this feat and lay her arresting hand upon the fatal progress of the beauty-destroying demon, obesity. Under the name of science, falsely so called, delicately nurtured ladies, following the dictates of ignorant quacks who pretend to make a permanent cure of corpulence, have been made to perform tasks from which a fishwife would shrink, and undergo systems of abstinence from which the most fanatical of fakirs would recoil.

The retention of that buxomness which is one of woman's greatest attractions without the risk of lapsing into obesity does not now entail these penalties. Nature, which for every poison has its antidote and for every disease its specific—if we

only know where to look for it—has a cure for corpulence which does not necessitate ultra-heroic remedies nor incur the risk of permanently injuring the system. Like all great discoveries, this method is simplicity itself. The discoverer, Mr. F. Cecil Russell, makes no secret of the composition of his specific; and, were it not for the time and care necessary in its preparation, the patient might procure the ingredients and concoct it himself. In this respect Mr. Russell's candour forms a pleasing contrast to the reticence of Koch, Pasteur, and other eminent specialists of the age, who have sought to add to the prestige of their remedies by affecting the greatest mystery in their production. More recently still, we have seen an example of this unnecessary affectation of mystery in the much-vaunted cure for drunkenness by means of a secretly prepared salt of gold. These methods, however, savour of quackery, and do not tend to awaken in the mind of the intelligent patient that confidence which we believe to be one of the first steps to the successful cure of any disease. The word brings us to the keynote of Mr. Russell's system. Unlike many who have attempted the cure of excessive corpulence, this gentleman has laid it down as a postulate that obesity is a disease, and that, as such, it can not only be arrested, but permanently eradicated. Others, who have regarded it merely as a non-morbid physical quality, have failed in their object because their aim has been, not to go to the root of the mischief, but rather to divert the fat-producing forces of the system into another channel. This method, however, can only be temporary in its results, for as soon as the violent measures adopted to effect them are discontinued the disease resumes its progress. In his work entitled "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages), published at Woburn House, 27, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., Mr. Russell boldly announces to the world the exact ingredients of his decoction, thus proving beyond doubt its perfect harmlessness to the most delicate constitutions. This preparation, which is pleasant to the palate and refreshing as a beverage, does its work speedily and effectively, without any absurd restrictions as to diet. In this lies the strength of Mr. Russell's treatment and the weakness of the methods of his predecessors. To compel a man or woman who has been used to a liberal table to live like a convict may certainly

result in a diminution of corpulence, but in doing so there is a risk—a very great risk—of the reduction of the system to a state so low that the rebuilding of it becomes a serious and, too often, impossible task. There is an amount of scientific evidence, which absolutely amounts to a demonstration, to show that neither the general treatment nor the specific medicine the use of which is necessitated by Mr. Russell's system involves the slightest danger to the patient. The treatment, while destroying its fat, far from reducing the system, positively invigorates it. The patient, after going through his course, does not find himself in a state of physical collapse, with nerves shaken and muscles flaccid, but, as it were, is braced to a new life. Lighter in body, freer in movement, brighter in mind, the convalescent again finds pleasure in living, and feels capable of meeting difficulties halfway, instead of being forced to retreat before them.

It is one of the most interesting features in the Russell treatment that its results may be noted and checked off almost as soon as the experiment has commenced. It will reduce the weight of an inconveniently corpulent subject by two stones in one month; and the author, who is scrupulously accurate in all the definite statements which he makes upon the basis of his own experience, guarantees that a noticeable reduction shall be manifest within twenty-four hours of the beginning of the treatment. This can be simply tested by an appeal to the unerring judgment of the scale. It is also pleasantly paradoxical to discover that with the decrease of weight the appetite increases, and more food is consumed with pleasurable sensations.

Ample proof of all this is given in the invaluable work (256 pages) above referred to, a copy of which will be forwarded from Mr. Russell's offices, Woburn House, 27, Store Street, London, W.C., to any applicant sending six penny stamps to cover cost of postage, &c. The considerations suggested by a study of Mr. Russell's book and by the more general review of the subject taken above are especially applicable to the numerous class whose condition has suggested these somewhat discursive reflections. The ladies whose sweet buxomness is in danger of degenerating into ponderosity owe us a debt of gratitude for having pointed out to them how, by the use of the Russell remedy, the evil future which threatens them may be averted.

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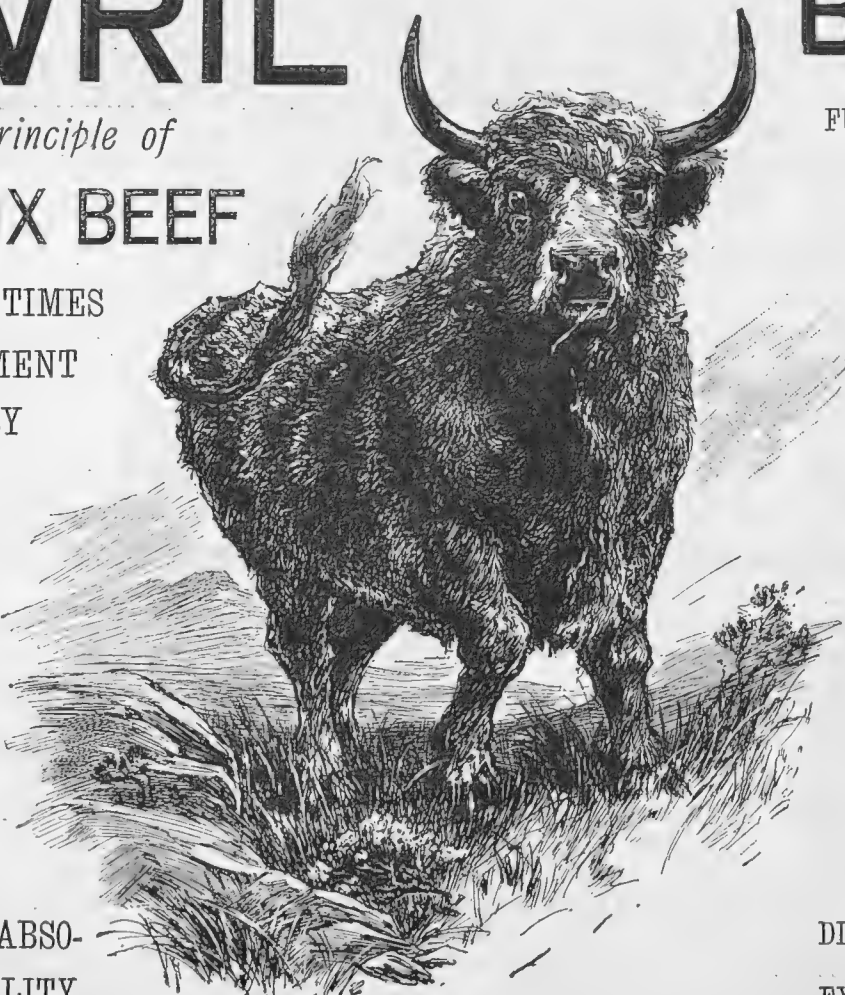
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EXTRACTS OF MEAT.

## RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Accidents to jockeys are very prevalent of late, and I often fancy that foul riding is, in a measure, accountable for some of the falls. However, I think the Jockey Club and the National Hunt Committee should provide a common fund out of which jockeys who meet with accidents might be paid a certain salary during the time they remain unfit to ply their calling. There are any number of insurance companies who would take the risk and insure the whole of our jockeys at a fixed premium.

It is high time, if racing under National Hunt Rules is to succeed, that the ring charges be lowered. I think ten shillings per day is quite enough to demand for admission to Tattersall's Ring during the winter months, especially now that the selling races often bring in so much. The officials say that £300 per day must be taken at the gates if a meeting under National Hunt Rules is to pay, and this would come by lowering the charges.

The delicate subject of Press tickets to race meetings is one that no sporting journalist cares to touch upon, as the public think he must be prejudiced, but this can hardly be said of one who has the "open sesame," so to speak. My view of the ticket question has long been this: The Jockey Club Stewards should issue a medal to every Pressman entitled to the same that would admit him to any and all meetings under the rules of racing. The benefit accruing would be greater both to Press and public than many people imagine.

All sorts and conditions of sportsmen have joined the Sporting League, and I wish the new organisation well. On the other hand, it is right to venture the opinion which I hold, that the new body as a political force will be a failure. We saw in the case of the recent School Board Election that voters went fairly solid for Progressives or Moderates, so it will be at the General Election, and those who try to cloud the issues will most certainly fail. For this reason I think the League are ill-advised in heckling Parliamentary candidates.

Since Mr. H. McCalmont has come into his many millions he has received thousands of begging letters from all sorts and conditions of people, who are fond of preaching their own or other people's causes. I believe Mr. McCalmont gives every case his most serious consideration, and I know he has replied favourably to many correspondents. But if he were to comply with all the demands made on his purse he would have nothing left for himself.

The season just finished has been a trying one for racing journalists. I regret to hear that Mr. Bradley (Juilex) of the *Sporting Chronicle* is still far from well, and Mr. Langley (Pavo) of the *Morning Post* has been laid up for months. Mr. T. Callaghan of the *Sporting Life* is better, but is not able to follow his calling, although I hope to soon see him at work once more. The scurry and bustle of a racing life is wearing, although it should be noted, *per contra*, that Messrs. Bradley and Langley have each had half a century's experience on the Turf.

One of the most popular officials connected with the Sandown Park meeting is Mr. Robert P'Anson, who plays the double part well of clerk of the course and handicapper. As is well known in his young days, Mr. P'Anson was one of the most successful cross-country riders of his



MR. R. P'ANSON.

generation, and he rode the winner of nearly every big race but the Grand National. He was always trusted by his employers, and he never betrayed that trust. Mr. P'Anson as a handicapper is highly successful. He believes in what he sees, and his note-book is kept in such a manner as would do credit to a City firm of accountants. As a clerk of the course he succeeds in maintaining the entries at a high average, and as a starter he gives the most complete satisfaction. Mr. P'Anson is still fond of sport, and when he has the chance he follows the hounds and enjoys the fun. He can play a good game of billiards, and is a really first-class cricket player. Indeed,

the game of cricket is a favourite one with the P'Anson family, and several of Mr. Robert's fine young daughters handle the bat well. Mr. P'Anson's cousin, Mr. Miles P'Anson, is a well-known racing official in the north, while another cousin, Mr. William P'Anson, is the well-known trainer of Malta.

## MISS ELLIOTT PAGE.

Miss Elliott Page, whose first introduction to the London public was at a recent *matinée* of "The Joker," began her dramatic career with Mr. Daniel Frohmann at the Lyceum Theatre, New York. She made her first appearance in "The Dancing Girl," and remained at this theatre for three seasons. She next joined Ramsay Morris's Comedy Company, of which Mr. George Giddens was the leading man, and for the last ten weeks has been studying our English school of acting and gaining good



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

MISS ELLIOTT PAGE.

experience under Miss Thorne's able management. In the *matinée* before mentioned, although she played the leading rôle, there was little or no opportunity for the young actress, who, however, will certainly soon have a better chance of impressing the metropolitan public. In the early part of December, Miss Elliott Page will appear at the benefit on behalf of Mrs. Wenman, the widow of a well-known member of the Lyceum company. It is sincerely to be hoped that a satisfactory result may attend this benefit at the Globe Theatre in so praiseworthy a cause. One point with regard to Miss Page is that not the slightest trace of the American accent is noticeable in her pleasant voice. This may be accounted for by the fact that Miss Page was a New York society girl of Boston parentage, which combination is "quite English, you know." She has recently signed a contract with Mr. George Alexander.

A new magazine is announced by Messrs. A. D. Innes to appear on Dec. 18. Its title, the *Minster*, is an index to its idea of being "churchy," but at the same time popular. It will strive to be interesting in the first place, and yet a magazine with a special mission to all sections of the Anglican Church. The first contribution promised in the *Minster* is an article by the Archbishop of Canterbury; while, as an example of the editor's breadth of choice, Mr. Corney Grain writes on entertainments a few pages further on. Sir Edwin Arnold once again sings the praises of Japan, and another topical subject is Sir Benjamin Baker's article on "War and Engineering." Versatile Mr. Linley Sambourne contributes a cartoon, and throughout the *Minster* there will be high-class illustrations. Fiction is represented by complete stories by James Payn and George Gissing; the Dean of St. Paul's writes on education, Mr. Spottiswoode on lay readers, Mr. Wilford Cripps on ancient church plate; and Dr. Welldon gives a meditation. A causerie on books from the pen of Mr. George Saintsbury is another admirable feature. Altogether, the *Minster* ought to find a steady support from the public in search of sound and sensible Sunday reading.



## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## FOOTBALL.

As everyone saw from the beginning, the Rugby County Championship is a gift for Yorkshire. If any county might have been expected to have a chance of putting their spoke in the wheel of the all-conquering Tykes it would have been Lancashire. For many years the battle of the Red and White Roses has been one of the chief Rugby fixtures of the season. Whatever Yorkshire or Lancashire might have done against other counties, the matches between these two were almost invariably closely contested. This was far from being the case this year, when Yorkshire won in the easiest possible manner by 26 points to 10. This is the largest score which the Tykes have ever obtained over their old rivals. Nor was the difference in the play any less marked than the difference in the score. For a quarter of an hour Lancashire seemed to have a chance, but as soon as the Yorkshiremen settled down they simply riddled the Lancashire defence. It was little wonder that after the match the Rugby Union committee should have selected eight Yorkshiremen to take their places in the Fifteen of the North against the South. It is true that the eight Yorkshire players are not all Yorkshire born, and it is rather odd that Cooper, a Welshman, should have been selected at all. This undoubtedly fine player has been chosen for a Welsh representative team, and it will be interesting to see whether he will prefer to play for his own country or for England.

Lancashire only obtained one representative in the Northern Fifteen, Northumberland three, Durham two, and Cumberland one. What a falling off for Lancashire! It is true that Valentine, Holmes, and Varley are among the Reserves, as well as Leslie Jones, the Oxonian; but even this is cold comfort for a county with the traditions of Lancashire.

At the time of writing, the team to represent the South against the North at Blackheath on Dec. 15 has not yet been chosen, but I shall be surprised if at least twelve of the following fifteen are not selected: Byrne, back; Baker, W. B. Thompson, Fegan, and Taylor, three-quarters; C. M. Wells and Cattell, half-backs; Tucker, Carey, Bromet, Finlinson, Mitchell, Lohden, Hawking, and Thomas, forwards. With this fifteen, I should think the match would be a very even one, though the Northerners would probably be favourites.

The Oxford Fifteen have been beaten at last. I had some hope that they would go through the season scathless, but Cardiff met the Oxonians when the latter were not quite at their best, and the clever Welshmen won by two tries to nil. It was unfortunate that in this match Fry should not have been able to play, owing to an injury. It was not so much the absence of Fry as the fact that the whole back division had to be rearranged that made Oxford play below their proper form. Rogerson, who took Smith's place at full back, was anything but a success, and Smith himself, probably from lack of practice, was not so brilliant at three-quarter back as one would have expected. Still, a defeat by Cardiff is not an event to mourn over, and it will probably do the Oxonians good, in so far as to rid them of the idea that they are invincible. In football confidence is absolutely necessary to success, but, on the other hand, over-confidence is the worst thing possible for a team. It is sincerely to be hoped that the accident to C. B. Fry—a severe strain of the muscles in the thigh—will not keep him out of the Inter-Varsity match, and thus rob the distinguished athlete of his fourth Blue.

There is not much to be said for Cambridge, excepting to report a defeat at the hands of London Scottish. This is the third time that Cambridge has been defeated this season. On form the chances of the Inter-Varsity match, which is to be played at Queen's Club next Wednesday, Dec. 12, appear to be overwhelmingly in favour of Oxford. Of course, it frequently happens that the best club is not successful in the all-important match of the year, but if Oxford is not successful on this occasion it will be one of the biggest surprises of the season.

The struggle between Sunderland and Everton in the League Championship is as close and as keen as ever. It seems very curious that Liverpool, one of the weakest clubs in the League, should have given so much trouble to the League leaders. At Liverpool Everton only managed to play a drawn game, and when the Liverpool men visited Sunderland they were actually leading by two goals to nil till within a quarter of an hour of the finish. It was then that Sunderland, rendered desperate, played for all they were worth, and just pulled the match out of the fire by three goals to two within a minute of time. This was perhaps one of the biggest sensations of the season. Next Saturday Everton are at home to Bolton Wanderers, and ought to win easily. On the same day Sunderland also appear to have a "soft thing" in Small Heath, who have to travel to Sunderland. None of the other League clubs, excepting, perhaps, Bolton Wanderers, appear to have much of a chance of the championship. If the Rovers should by hook or crook manage to defeat Aston Villa at Birmingham next Saturday, they would not only bring off a great performance, but increase their chances of the premiership by fifty per cent. Aston Villa, the present champions, may yet work their way into the first four, but I don't think they will go any further. Burnley are doing very well indeed, and on Saturday will probably defeat Preston North End. Of the Sheffield clubs, the United still hold the best place, although they have fallen off very considerably during the past month. They ought, however, to add a couple of points next Saturday, when they meet Liverpool at Sheffield. On the same day the Wednesday Club will have enough to do to hold their own at Stoke. After making a very bad start, Notts. Forest have

pulled up wonderfully, and it is quite on the cards that they will improve their position after meeting West Bromwich Albion at Nottingham.

Among the clubs in the second division of the League Bury and Notts are still at the top, although Grimsby Town are not far off, while clubs like Burton Swifts, Newton Heath, and Woolwich Arsenal are going very strongly indeed. I may be wrong, but I have an impression that Woolwich Arsenal will finish in the first four, and it is not at all an impossibility that they will even work their way into the first division of the League. The Arsenal began the season in wretched style by losing the first three League matches; but since then they have only lost one out of nine. Most of their coming matches will be played at Woolwich, and it is significant that the Reds have only been defeated at home by one League club this season. Next Saturday the Arsenal play Darwen at Plumstead, and I have no doubt the home team will add a couple of points to their record.

In the Southern League Millwall still lead the way, but a drawn game at Southampton against St. Mary's has somewhat blotted their fine record. It would now appear that the championship of the South will lie between Luton and Millwall, although, of course, there are other clubs in the south of England, not engaged in the League, superior to the two I have named.

## ATHLETICS.

Now that the cross-country season is in full swing, it is interesting to turn to one of those athletes who has been identified with cross-country sport for the past twenty years. I refer to John Edwin Dixon, of the Lea Harriers and London Athletic Club, who is, perhaps, the best known man in connection with cross-country work in the South of England. He combines in himself the active athlete and the enterprising journalist. To look at the smart little man of five feet four inches, one would never dream that he was born forty-four years ago, and one would be still less inclined to believe that off a very fair mark he is winning prizes to this day. He is one of the few men who have won races at the extreme distances of a hundred yards and a hundred miles. He has twice beaten the fifty miles amateur walking record, doing the distance in 8 hours, 54 min. 40 sec., and creating new records from twenty-six to fifty miles inclusive. When thirty-five years of age he created an amateur running record at fifty miles' distance in 6 hours, 18 min. 26 sec.—a record which still stands to this day, although made nearly ten years ago. I need only mention that Mr. Dixon is the proprietor of the Athletic News Agency, Whitefriars Street, London, and is the able contributor of the athletic notes in the *Sportsman*, over the name of "Veteran."



MR. J. A. DIXON.

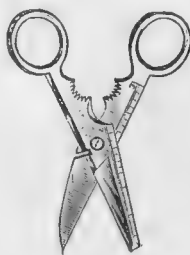
OLYMPIAN.

## SCISSORS IN EXCELSIS.

Longfellow inculcated a useful lesson when he wrote the idyll of John Alden and the Puritan maid, and preached the individualist doctrine—whatever you want done, do it for yourself. A New Bond Street firm, Messrs. J. Foot and Son, have taken this bit of Longfellowism to heart, for they have patented combination pocket scissors, which perform nine different functions. Primarily we have a pair of scissors. The user may also become his own cigar and flower cutter, while he may also become his own gasfitter, for they can be used as pliers for removing gas burners or extracting pens from holders when wet or rusted. The scissors may be used as a screw-driver, a railway carriage key, a piercer, a wire cutter, a coin tester, a paper knife, and a nail knife, while along one side a three-inch measure is marked.

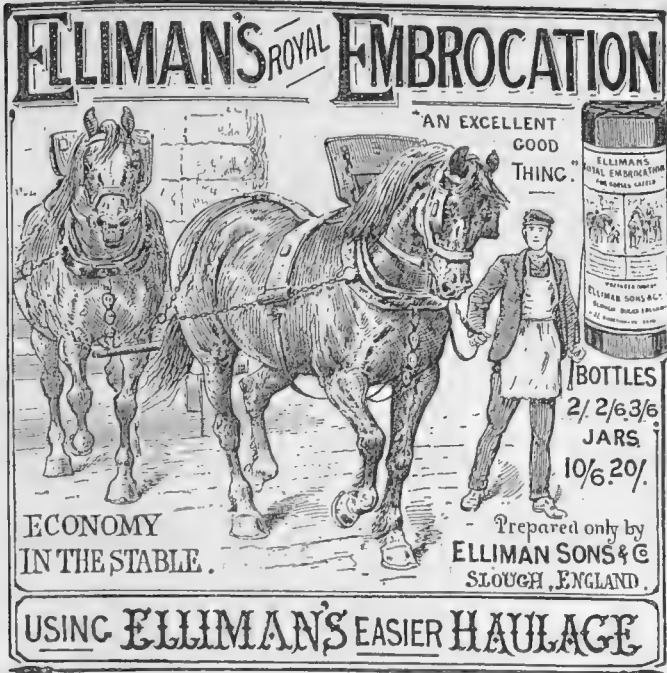
Altogether they make a trusty pocket friend, which will be welcomed by everybody who is on the outlook for novelty.

Mr. J. F. Bennett, of Queen Street, Cheapside, has issued a capital series of "Distingué" Christmas cards. There are delicate studies in phototype and photogravure, and a humorous card entitled "They dunno where they are" deserves mention.



# ELLIMAN'S ROYAL EMBROCATION

AN EXCELLENT GOOD THING.



BOTTLES 2/ 2/6 3/6  
JARS 10/6 20/

ECONOMY IN THE STABLE.

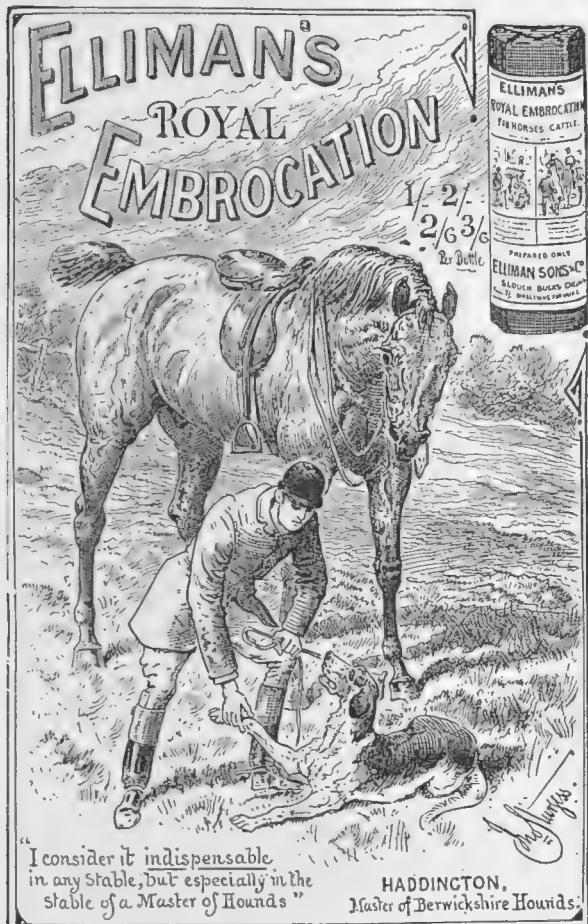
Prepared only by ELLIMAN SONS & CO. SLOUGH, ENGLAND.

## USING ELLIMAN'S EASIER HAULAGE

"Southern Cross, Western Australia, Sept. 19, 1894.—All the carriers on the track from here to Coolgardie say Elliman's is the best Embrocation they ever used. Not a team starts without a supply. It is selling very readily.—JOHN CHADWICK, Chemist, Southern Cross, W.A."

# ELLIMAN'S ROYAL EMBROCATION

1/ 2/ 2/6 3/6



Prepared only by ELLIMAN SONS & CO. SLOUGH, ENGLAND.

"I consider it indispensable in any Stable, but especially in the stable of a Master of Hounds."

HADDINGTON, Master of Berwickshire Hounds.

### LUMBAGO.

From a Justice of the Peace.  
"About a fortnight ago a friend advised me to try your Embrocation, and its effect has been magical."

### FOOTBALL.

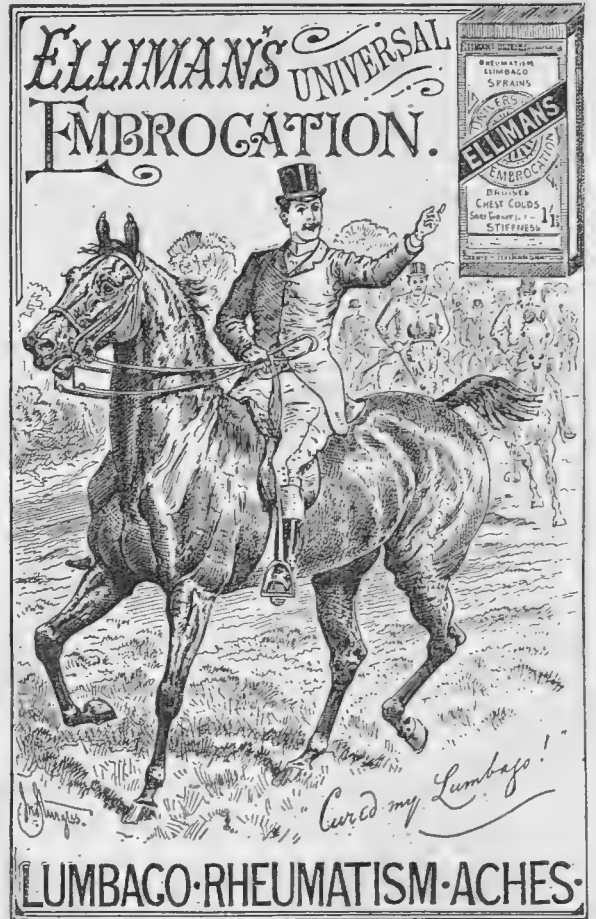
FORFAE ATHLETIC FOOTBALL CLUB.  
"Given entire satisfaction to all who have used it."

### RHEUMATISM.

EUGENE WOLF, Esq., Antananarivo, Madagascar, writes:  
"I contracted severe rheumatism in both legs; H.B.M. Vice-Consul here made me a present of a bottle of your Embrocation, which has cured me within a week."  
"July 31, 1894."

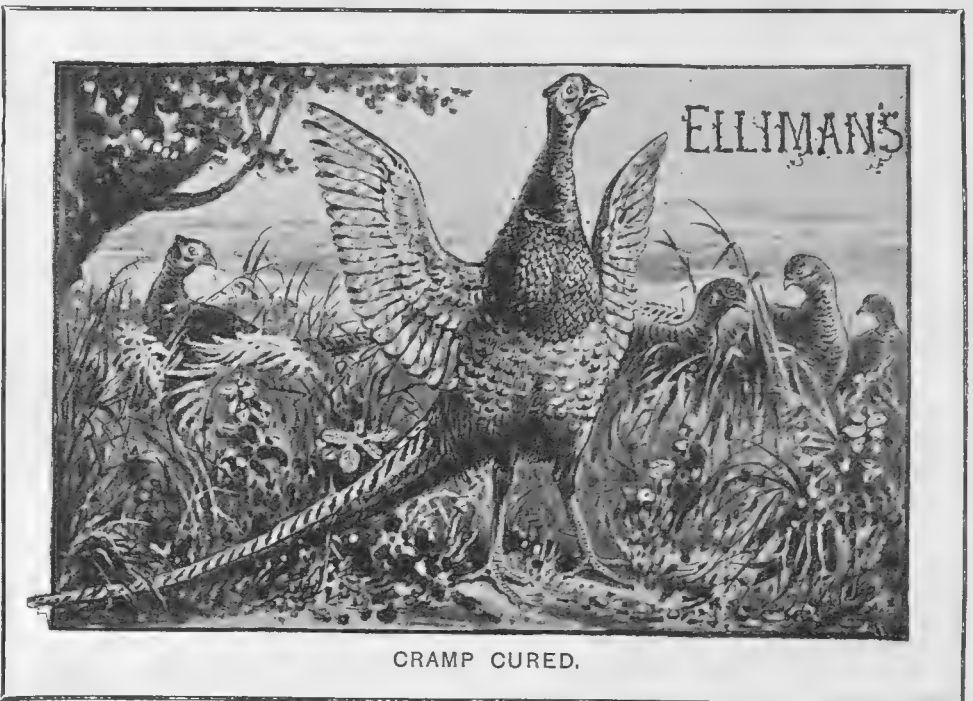
"I think it very useful.—RUTLAND, Master of Belvoir Hounds."

# ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION



ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION FOR RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SPRAINS, BRUISES, CHEST COLDS, SORE THROAT, STIFFNESS.

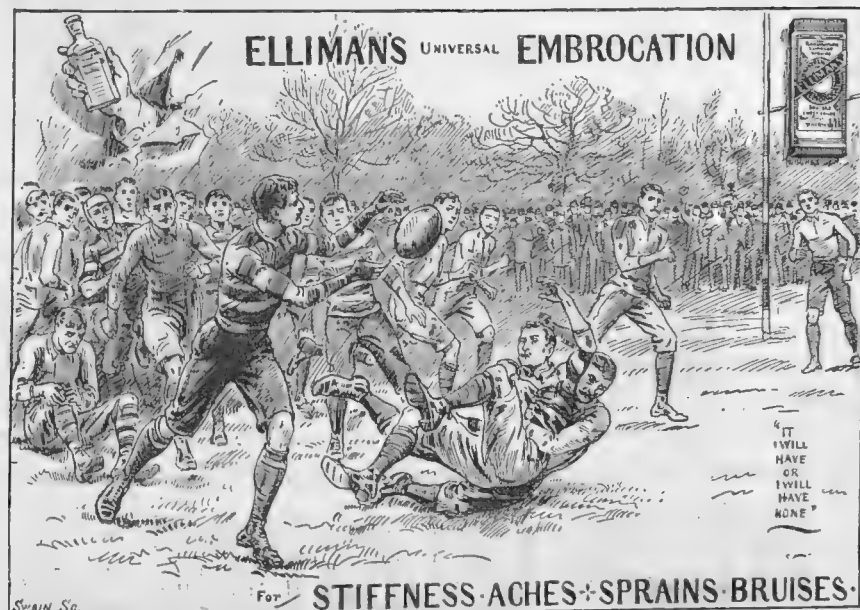
LUMBAGO·RHEUMATISM·ACHES.



# ELLIMAN'S

CRAMP CURED.

# ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION



STIFFNESS·ACHES·SPRAINS·BRUISES.

### SEVERE PAINS.

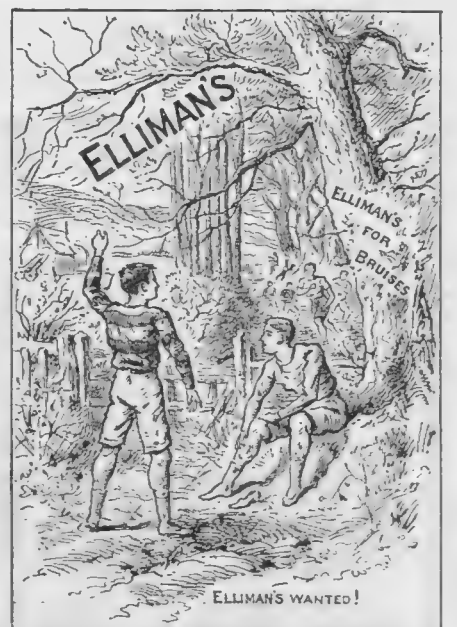
MRS. S. DALLINGER, Aldinga Villa, Oxford Road, Bournemouth, writes:  
"A lady in my house was taken with severe pains in the leg and side at night. I rubbed well with Elliman's the affected part, which allayed the pain and enabled the lady to sleep."

### ACHES AND PAINS.

Miss ROSE ALPHONSINE, Spiral Ascensionist, writes:  
"When doing my Spiral Ascension at the Jardin de Paris, my feet and knees became swollen and very sore. I tried your Embrocation, and after two good rubbings I was able to perform. I now use it after every ascension, and will always keep some by me."  
23, Helix Gardens, Brixton Hill, S.W., London, Oct. 29, 1894.

### SORE THROAT FROM COLD.

From a Clergyman.  
"For many years I have used your Embrocation, and found it most efficacious in preventing and curing sore throat from cold."



# ELLIMAN'S

ELLIMAN'S FOR BRUISES

ELLIMAN'S WANTED!



In HALF-A-MINUTE you can make a pure, bright, DELICIOUS JELLY with boiling water and a packet of

## MOIR'S TABLE-JELLY POWDER

(Patented).

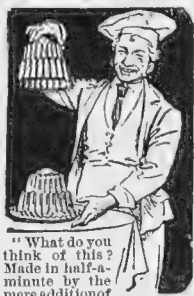
ALWAYS TURNS OUT WELL.

No Sediment. Never Fails. Will keep for years in any Climate. Sold in ten flavours (Orange, Lemon, Vanilla, Almond, Calfsfoot, &c.) by Grocers and Stores everywhere.

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.

The genuine bears the name and address of the original Patentees and Manufacturers on every packet,

"JOHN MOIR & SON, Ltd., 148, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C."



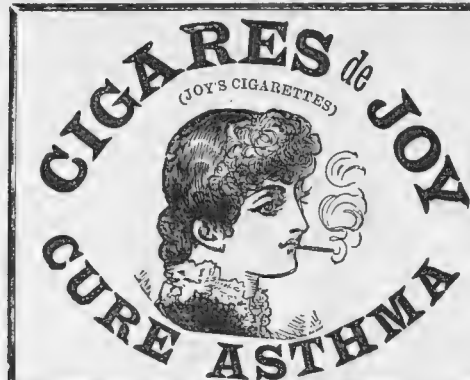
"What do you think of this? Made in half-a-minute by the mere addition of boiling water."

Joy's CIGARETTES afford immediate relief in cases of

**ASTHMA, WHEEZING, AND WINTER COUGH,**

and a little perseverance will effect a permanent cure. Universally recommended by the most eminent physicians and medical authors. Agreeable to use, certain in their effects, and harmless in their action, they may be safely smoked by ladies and children.

All Chemists and Stores, box of 35, 2s. 6d., or post free from WILCOX & Co., 239, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.



### TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE

is the only thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. Prepared by an experienced Chemist, and constantly prescribed by the most eminent Skin Doctors. Post free. Sent for 14 or 36 penny stamps. MOST FAVORABLE. J. TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker Street, London, W.

The Oldest Liqueur Scotch Whisky!

DIRECT FROM SCOTLAND.

QUALITY AND AGE GUARANTEED by

## Stenhouse



THIS Very Old Liqueur Scotch Whisky is really a blended Cordial of the Finest Old Whiskies ever produced in Scotland. Matured in Sherry Casks for 10 years. Every Bottle stamped and signed as a guarantee of genuineness. This perfect Liqueur Whisky is now sold direct to the public, or may be ordered through any Wine Merchant. Two galls constitute a case, contained in twelve of the special shaped bottles, with which this brand of Whisky has been associated for all time. These original cases will be sent carriage paid for cash, 42s., and Stenhouse and Co. pledge the reputation of their house that no Whisky bearing their name is of a less age than described in this announcement.

WM. STENHOUSE AND CO., West Regent Street, GLASGOW. Cheques crossed National Bank of Scotland.

### ECZEMA PERFECTLY CURED

and driven from the system. All kinds of SKIN DISEASES cured, from whatever cause arising. ANEMIA absolutely CURED. Testimonials from, and references to Ladies and Gentlemen cured by our treatment, after all others failed. No Cure, No Pay.—WARE'S ECZEMA AND ANEMIA CURE CO., Ltd., 23, Conduit St., London, W.

# 365 SHAVES

FOR 6d.

A Stick of VINOLIA SHAVING SOAP is said to last a year.

VINOLIA SHAVING STICKS: Premier, 6d.; Toilet, 1/-, 1/6, 2/6; Vestal, 2/-

VINOLIA SHAVING CAKES: Premier, 1/-; Toilet, 2/-; Vestal, 3/-

## "WILLS'S" NAVY CUT

"CAPSTAN" BRAND



Can now be obtained in 2 oz.

Patent Air-Tight Tins,

In Three Grades of Strength, viz.:

"MILD," Yellow Label,

"MEDIUM," Blue Label,

"FULL," Chocolate Label,

As well as 1 oz. Packets and 1/2 lb.

Patent Air-Tight Tins, by all Dealers in Tobacco.

W. D. & H. O. WILLS, Ltd., BRISTOL & LONDON.

## FROM SUNNY CEYLON.

LIPTON'S DELICIOUS TEAS

have reached a pinnacle of success never before attained by any other teas in the world, and their increasing popularity IN EVERY HOME is the surest test of their appreciation by the public

If you wish to enjoy a Cup of Tea that Exceeds All Others,

## DRINK ONLY LIPTON'S TEAS.

THE MOST POPULAR OF THE AGE.

## DIRECT FROM THE TEA GARDENS.

NO MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS TO PAY.

NOTE THE PRICES. RICH, PURE, AND FRAGRANT.

UNPARALLELED SUCCESS.

1/- and 1/4 per lb.

ENORMOUS DEMAND.

## THE FINEST TEA THE WORLD CAN PRODUCE

NO HIGHER PRICE.

per 1/7 lb.

NO HIGHER PRICE.

## LIPTON,

TEA AND COFFEE PLANTER, CEYLON.

THE LARGEST TEA, COFFEE, & PROVISION DEALER IN THE WORLD.

Sole Proprietor of the following celebrated Tea and Coffee Estates in Ceylon: Dambatenne, Laymestotte, Monerakande, Mahadambatenne, Mousakelle, Pooorassie, Hanagalla, and Gigranella; which cover Thousands of acres of the best TEA and COFFEE LAND in Ceylon. Ceylon Tea and Coffee Shipping Warehouses: Maddena Mills, Cinnamon Gardens, Colombo. Ceylon Office: Upper Chathana Street, Colombo. Indian Tea Shipping Warehouses and Export Stores, Hare Street, Strand, Calcutta. Indian Offices: Dalhousie Square, Calcutta. Tea and Coffee Sale Rooms: Mincing Lane, LONDON, E.C. Wholesale Tea Blending and Duty Paid Stores: Bath Street and Gayton Street, LONDON, E.C. Bonded and Export Stores: Peckham Street, LONDON, E.C. Coffee Roasting, Blending Stores, and Essence Manufactory: Old Street, LONDON, E.C. Wholesale and Export Provision Warehouses: Nelson Place, LONDON, E.C. Fruit Preserve Factory: Spa Road, Brompton, LONDON, S.E.

General Offices: BATH STREET, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

## LARGEST TEA SALE IN THE WORLD

BRANCHES EVERYWHERE.

AGENTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

## SOZODONT

For the Teeth.

To keep the teeth and gums healthy and of a good colour, to sweeten the breath, and prevent the conditions that lead to decay, perfect cleanliness alone is needed.

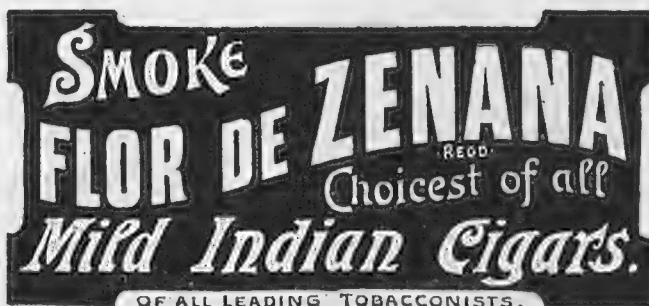
The Pleasantest Dentifrice in the World,

the dentifrice which ladies of society use exclusively is

**SOZODONT.**

Complete in Toilet Case, 2/6. A delicious foaming liquid. Cleanses the teeth more quickly and more thoroughly than any other preparation.

Ask for **SOZODONT.**



## VICHY CELESTINS Spring

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## SHOPPING WITH SANTA CLAUS.

Once more the so-called festive season is close upon us, and though the "festivity" seems to consist chiefly in the expenditure of a considerable amount of money on gifts of one kind or another, to be bestowed upon the friends and relations, whose number seems to strike one more forcibly at such times than any other, I think it would be difficult to find the man or woman who, in the depths of his or her heart, did not enjoy the giving and receiving of these tokens of goodwill and remembrance, and who did not welcome, more or less heartily, the reign of genial King Santa Claus. As for me, I can hardly believe that a year has passed since first I deserted Dame Fashion for this Christmas sovereign, and with him made voyages of discovery to the different establishments where preparations had been made to do him honour, then passing on the result of our investigations to you, so that a considerable expenditure of your time and trouble might be saved, and you might know exactly where to go for some of the prettiest novelties; and yet Santa Claus is here again, and we are going to repeat the same experiment.

Now please follow me to the International Fur Store at 163 and 198, Regent Street, and when you have each impressed upon your respective husband the specially appropriate and delightfully acceptable nature of

fur-lined coats have been a famous specialty of the International Fur Store for some time past; but never before have they given such marvellous value for the money, for, just imagine, the coats this season are lined with musquash, and have deep collars and cuffs of particularly fine beaver! They can only be described as wonderful, and you should pay them a speedy visit of inspection, armed with an old coat which is not likely to be suddenly asked for, as this will serve for the purposes of measurement, and enable you to insure your present being a genuine surprise. Even if you follow the playful little habit, which so many wives have, and get a special and extra cheque from your husband for his own present, you will be doing him a good turn and investing his money in the best possible way, for a coat of this kind is in reality a deposit in the Bank of Health, and will pay for itself twice over by preventing chills and colds and their attendant doctor's bills. And this is a point which you wives can make when you are advocating the advantages of a sealskin jacket.

Let us next visit that veritable home of the diamond, the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company's establishment at 112, Regent Street, where superb tiaras, costly necklets and pendants, and bracelets simply blazing with the precious stones, await generously-inclined folks, whose purses are both deep and well-filled. But the more ordinary people are equally well provided for, a very small sum being sufficient to get a charming



SOME BEAUTIFUL FURS.

a sealskin coat or cape as a Christmas present, be sure you see the particularly fascinating cape which I have had sketched for you, and which is carried out in sealskin and finished with a cape-like arrangement of sable, which is very deep at the back and passes round the shoulders to form a deep point in front. The high collar is also of sable; and if you suggest that the gift also includes a smart little Toreador hat in sealskin, trimmed with sealskin pompons and bows and twists of scarlet velvet, and a muff of sable, the outfit would be one which would be calculated to put you on good terms with yourself and the world in general for the whole of the winter. There are some splendid travelling and driving capes, too, lined with squirrel, which are the perfection of smartness and comfort, one in pale tan cloth having a deep upper cape of the cloth, with a strapped border rounded at the corners, and a deep under cape, bordered with skunk, which also edges the fronts. Then there are all kinds of the fashionable sable ties, one of the very newest, which consists of four complete skins (minus the heads), and reaches to the waist, being decorated with no less than fourteen tails. The effect is exceedingly good, as you may judge by the sketch, the other, which will meet with an almost equal number of admirers, I fancy, being formed of two skins, a tail and two feet hanging down at each side in front, and caught together in the centre by the head of one of the skins. Still another sable tie is in quite a new shape, which is designed to cover the revers which appear on most of our coats nowadays, and is finished with a sable head, which peers out quaintly over the crossed paws. It is very effective, and above all it is something quite new. In the muffs, which are, of course, shown in profusion, there is a decided tendency to still further increase the size; but, in fact, there is not a fur garment of any kind which you cannot get in perfection at the International Fur Store. And there too you can obtain an ideal present for your lord and master in the shape of a splendid fur-lined coat, and all that you need to expend is the sum of ten pounds. These ten-pound

present of jewellery, which is always acceptable under any circumstances; and, to prove this, you have only got to look at the illustrations, and to let me tell you a few of the facts concerning the same. To begin with the brooches, the palm for originality must undoubtedly be given to the one which takes the form of two diamond outline hearts, securely linked together by a miniature reproduction of a railway coupling, carried out in green enamel. The idea is a quaint one, and there is a touch of sentiment about this brooch which makes it a particularly suitable gift for an ardent lover, who, by-the-way, will only have to expend six pounds upon it. Then the broken merry-thought brooch in gold, connected with a knife-edged bar of gold, on which glitter a diamond, a sapphire, and a ruby of goodly proportions, is quite new and distinctly cheap at £7 10s.; and for those who like simplicity of design there is the dainty little circlet brooch, composed of tiny golden forget-me-nots, with pearl centres, each flower being separated by a tiny turquoise, the modest expenditure of thirty-two shillings enables you to become the possessor of this truly pretty thing. Lovers of sport will delight in the clever reproduction in diamonds of a fox going at full speed through a horse-shoe of gun-metal, which rests on a gold bar, finished at each end with a large pearl, the price being only £7 10s.; and more peaceful tastes are catered for in the charming little brooch—only £6 10s., by-the-way—in which two diamond-studded swallows are poised gracefully over a golden ear of corn, for which they are—amicably, let us hope—disputing possession.

Then, who could possibly want better value for five guineas than the daintily lovely little gold necklet, set with pearls, and with a chrysoprase heart hanging from a pearl shamrock leaf? No more charming present for a young girl could possibly be found, and its cheapness will certainly be an additional and powerful recommendation. The bangles, too, are particularly noteworthy, both on account of their design and their price. They are made with a new spring fastening, which, as it has neither snap nor clasp to come undone, makes it an impossibility to lose them—

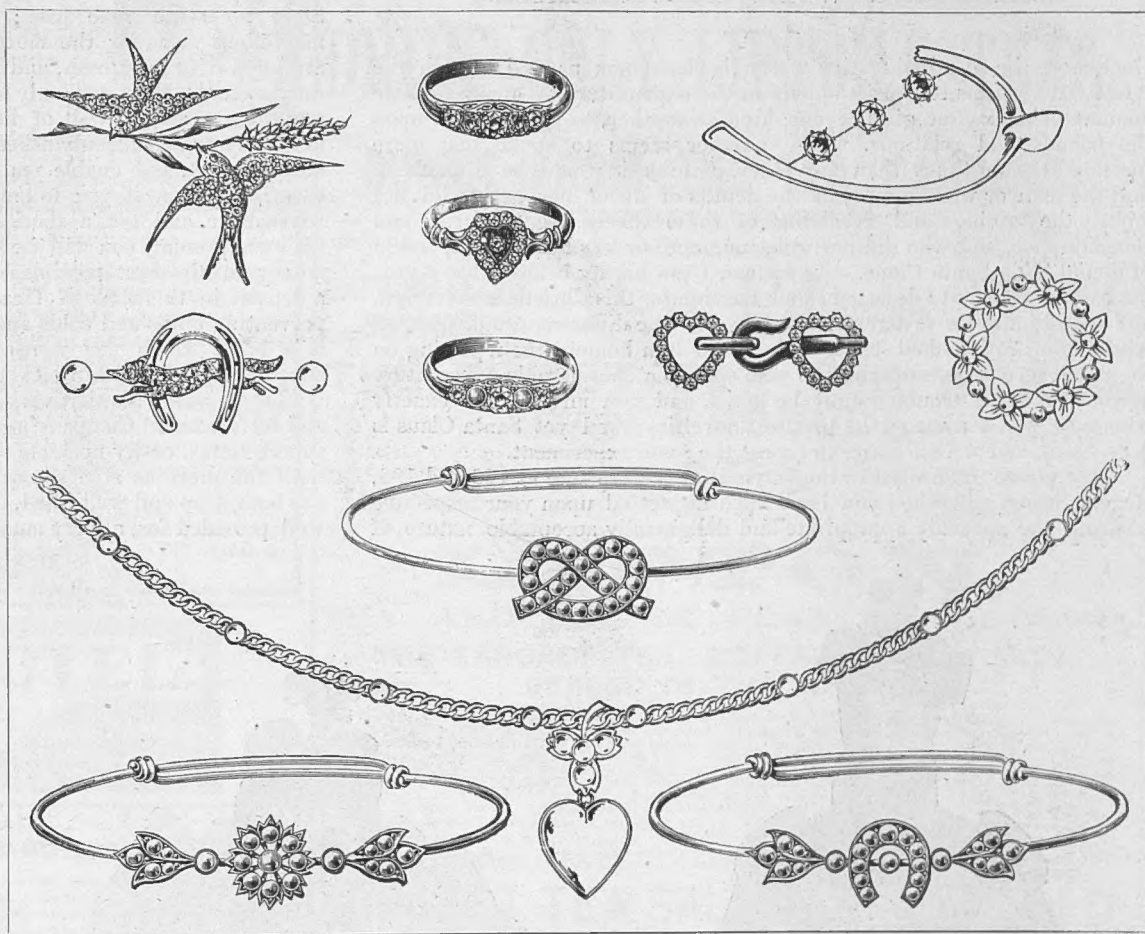


truly an important recommendation. One of those illustrated, which has a pearl horse-shoe in the centre, and a conventional leaf, also in pearls, at each side, is actually only two pounds; while the one with pearl forget-me-nots and leaves bears the price of £1 18s., the pearl bow being £1 15s. These prices speak for themselves, and it is needless to say that, as the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company are the makers, the quality and general workmanship are perfection.

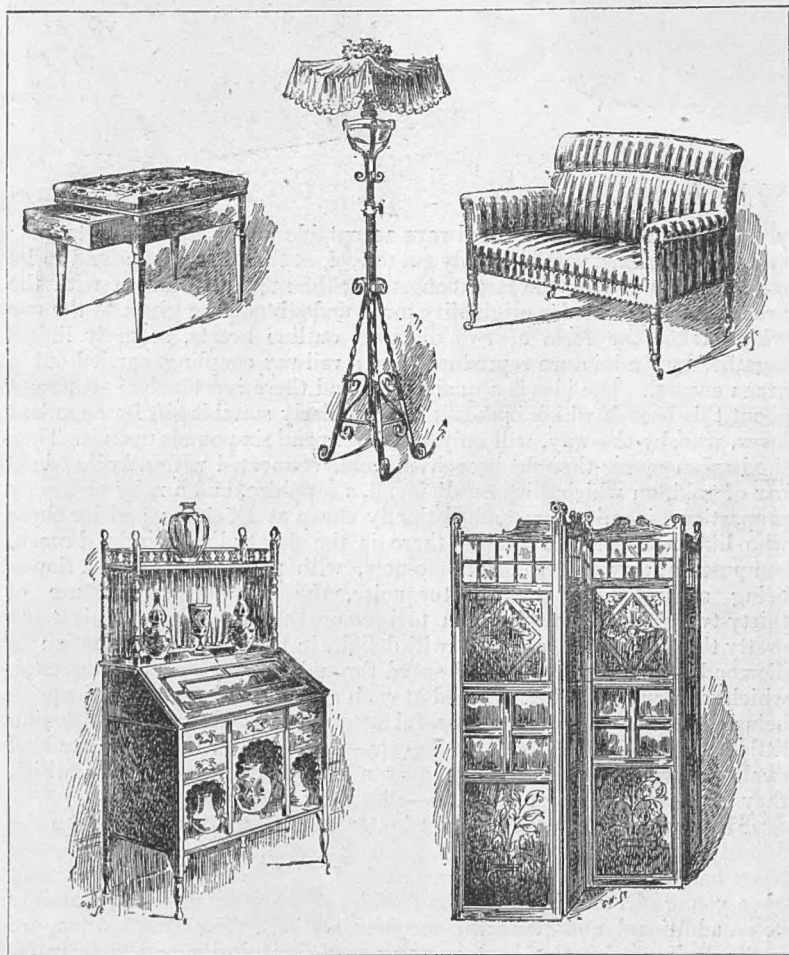
So much for the bangles, and now a fresh surprise awaits you in the shape of some really beautiful rings, set with five stones, say two rubies and three diamonds, or sapphires and diamonds, or, in fact, any combination of stones you may desire, the prices commencing at £4 10s., or in all diamonds at five pounds. No! I can assure you that I have not made a mistake, though I had to have the prices repeated two or three times before I could believe my own ears, and if these really wonderful rings do not sell by the hundred this month the British public will lose its reputation for sagacity in my humble opinion, anyway. And now, in spite of the fact that Santa Claus is beginning to show signs of impatience, I must just, in conclusion, tell you of some delightful little gold brooches, in the form of mashers' bamboo canes, from four pounds each.

And now Santa Claus positively insists upon our attention being given to some gifts of furniture, which will be especially acceptable to the young couples who have just embarked on housekeeping, or are about to do so, and for whom he has a particular affection and a kindly feeling which is shared by most people, I fancy. But I think that though these young couples must, of course, come first on the list, there are very few people who could not find room for some pretty bit of furniture, for the complete art of house-furnishing takes the best part of a lifetime to acquire, and the household gods can be added to indefinitely. This being so, we may take it as proved, I think, that small pieces of furniture are generally acceptable presents, so the best possible thing you can do is to follow me to those magnificent premises

in Pall Mall East which bear the name of Messrs. Hampton and Sons, and though the appearance is so imposing that it may affect you with qualms as to price, I am going to prove to you that though the goods are absolutely unique as regards perfection of workmanship and artistic originality of design, they are also astoundingly



THE GOLDSMITHS' AND SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY'S CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES.



SOME FURNITURE AT MESSRS. HAMPTON'S.

cheap. Let us begin with the articles illustrated, as they deserve the place of honour. The four-fold screen, of exquisitely-carved oak, has the double merit of beauty and durability, and then, too, it is only £5 15s.; the lovely Moorish bureau, which would be a valuable acquisition to any room, being marked at the low price of £4 15s. Then a very useful, comfortable, and withal handsome piece of furniture is the settee, in striped velvet of any colour, at £5 18s. 6d., and for £1 19s. 6d. you could not possibly get anything better than the music-seat in silk tapestry, beneath which is a capacious drawer for storing music safely away from the reach of dust. And now, last and most wonderful of all, look at the graceful standard lamp, which is carried out in copper and iron, and then try to realise, if you can, that the price is only 14s. 6d. You would find it difficult, I know, and it would be still more so if you saw it, but the fact remains, and, to complete it, please note that the accompanying shade, the "Lilith," in soft pink silk, effectively trimmed with silk and lace, is only 17s. 6d., other wonderfully cheap shades, also in silk and lace, for table lamps being the "Ida" at 8s. 9d. and the "Marguerite" at 11s. 6d.

So much for the cheaper shades, and now there are two elaborately beautiful ones to which I must draw the attention of those who are prepared to spend rather more money. One, of accordion-pleated yellow silk, is bordered with a deep flounce, veiled with white chiffon embroidered with any number of diminutive true lovers' knots. This frill is outlined at the top by a thick ruche of soft yellow feathers, the same effective trimming bordering the points at the top. This shade is particularly large and also particularly beautiful, so it is well worth the price—58s. 6d. The other, which is an absolute novelty, is also carried out in yellow silk, but the shape represents two reversed shells, and is trimmed with frills of soft white lace and clusters of ragged chrysanthemums, toning through various shades of tawny brown and yellow.

But now to return to some of the other special bargains which are destined to gladden a good many people's hearts this Christmas time, and first, just imagine the cosiest possible grandfather's chair in wicker-work, tastefully upholstered in éretonne, one pretty pattern having a powder-blue ground, over which are scattered artistic sprays of terra-cotta chrysanthemums. Attached to the right arm there is a capacious receptacle for papers, book, or work, and yet, with all these advantages to recommend it, this most comfortable and withal pretty chair is only 27s. 6d., a price which speaks for itself. Then there is a novelty in the shape of a footstool upholstered in saddle-bags, which opens to disclose a hot-water tin, and so combines the advantages of footstool and foot-warmer. This is one of those clever little inventions which have so much to do with making the wheels of life run smoothly, and everyone who has much sedentary work and who knows the miseries of cold feet should have one of these new footstools, which, by-the-way, are only 5s. 6d. Cake-stands, in three tiers, for afternoon tea, appropriately composed

[Continued on page 293.]



**SMART MILLINERY**

Always the Leading  
Fashions & Prettiest  
Novelties

*Yorke*  
in  
French  
and English  
Millinery.

Madame Yorke invites a visit to  
her new Show-rooms to view the  
charming Hats and Bonnets she  
has brought from Paris.

40 (late 51), CONDUIT ST.,  
BOND STREET, W.

Note change in address.

**THE LATEST NOVELTY**

LADIES, dispense with Petticoats  
by wearing our Seamless

**KNITTED PANTALOONS.**

ELASTIC, WARM, AND HEALTHY.



The most comfortable garment for Riding, Cycling,  
Hunting, Mountain Climbing, Touring, and other  
Pastimes. AS WELL AS FOR ORDINARY WEAR.  
Will wash without shrinking. Write to-day for Illus-  
trated Price List, free. Mention SKETCH.—KNITTED  
CORSET CO., 118, Mansfield Road, Nottingham.

# "Lanoline"

Highest Award at Chicago '93



"Lanoline"  
Prepared from the purified fat  
of Lamb's Wool, is similar to  
the fat of the human skin and  
hair. It is their natural nutrient.

**Toilet "Lanoline"**

6d & 1/- A soothing emol-  
lient for health and beauty  
of the skin. For the com-  
plexion. Prevents wrinkles,  
sunburn, and chapping.

**"Lanoline"  
Toilet Soap.**

(No caustic free alkali)  
6d and 1/- Renders the  
most sensitive skin healthy,  
clear and elastic.

**"Lanoline" Pomade.**

1/6.  
Nourishes, invigorates and—  
beautifies the hair. Prevents dandruff by its cleansing properties.

FROM ALL CHEMISTS.

Wholesale Depot: 67, Holborn Viaduct, London

**MADAME FAREY,**

THE "ALIX" HAT.

Price 25s.

Millinery sent on approbation on receipt of  
deposit.

231, REGENT STREET, W.

## ATKINSON'S WHITE ROSE.

"A charming Scent."—"The sweetest  
H.R.H. The Duchess of York. of sweet odours."

ATKINSON'S IS THE ONLY GENUINE

Of all Chemists, Perfumers, and Dealers, and of  
the Manufacturers, 24, Old Bond Street, London.

# PETER ROBINSON,

256 to 264, REGENT ST.

Every Requisite for

**FASHIONABLE MOURNING.**

MANTLES, GOWNS, & MILLINERY,

In all subdued Art Shades, equally adapted for wearing  
out of Mourning.

The Richest Silks and Fancy Materials. Newest  
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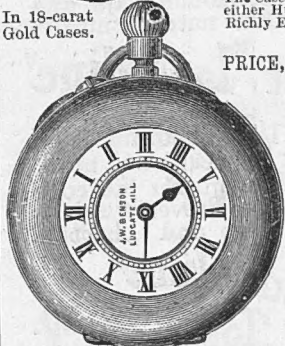
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